The Pacific.

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THE PACIFIC.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO
Religion, Education & Useful Intelligence.

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"Among the minor poems of Bryant, none has so much impressed me as the one he entitles June. The rythmical flow here is even voluptuous—nothing could be more melodious. The poem has always affected me in a remarkable manner. The intense melancholy which seems to well up, perforce to the surface of all the poets cheerful sayings about his grave, we find thrilling us to the soul—while there is the truest poetic elevation in the thrill. The impression left is one of a pleasureable sadness, and let me here remind you that (how or why we know not) this certain taint of sadness is inseparably connected with all the higher manifestations of true beauty. It is nevertheless

"A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain."

"Beauty of whatever kind in its supreme development invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.—*Poe's Philosophy of Composition.*

June.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round;
And thought that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed,
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

The Beauties of the Dead.

The celebrated painter, C. R. Leslie, in one of his lectures, relates the following facts:

I know of a man of the highest order of mind, a man of fine feelings, but of great simplicity, and far above all affectation, who, standing before the corpse of his wife, said, "It gives me very pleasureable sensations." And yet he had truly loved her. The lines in the "Giaour," in which the present aspect of Greece is compared to a beautiful corpse, are familiar to every reader. Lord Byron, in a note to the passage, remarks that "this peculiar beauty remains but a few hours after death." But I have been told, by those who are in the habit of making casts, that on the second day the expression is generally improved, and even on the third day it is often finer. I have, in several instances, been asked to make drawings of the dead; and though in every case I have entered the room where the body lay somewhat reluctantly, yet I have invariably felt reluctant to quit it.

At Kreutzberg, near Bonn, there is a church, under the pavement of which lie, in one vault, the bodies of twenty-five monks, in open coffins. The dryness of the air has preserved them from decay, though the last buried has lain there for more than a century. I visited this church with a party of ladies, who at first hesitated to descend into the abode of the dead. We all, however, went down, each carrying a lighted taper; and such was the fascination of this singular scene, that we lingered in it for some time. The air was perfectly pure, and we seemed to be in another world, with its interests. It seemed to us a mistake that death should be represented by poets or painters as a hideous phantom. We could not contemplate those withered faces of old men (for they seemed all old), and think otherwise than as a gentle friend. Their attitudes were varied, and all had a kind of grace which, although we knew it to be arranged by their friends, seemed perfectly natural.

All were clothed in their order; and their clothes, as well as their bodies—though the last were dried to mummies—appeared to be little decayed. The cast taken very imperfectly by Dr. Antonomarchi, from the face of Napoleon, is more handsome than any bust or portrait of him, and indeed has the look of a much younger man than he appears to be in the latest portraits. This is easily accounted for. Illness had reduced the superabundant fleshiness of the lower part of his face, and brought it back to the condition of an early period; death, by leaving the mouth slightly open, had destroyed that expression of selfish determination which the thin, compressed lips give to every portrait of Napoleon. The profile is the most perfectly beautiful one of a man I ever saw.

COURAGE MOTHERS.—Newton sinned away his early advantages, and became an abandoned profligate; but the texts and hymns his mother had fixed in his mind in his infancy and childhood were never effaced, and finally fastened him to the Cross. Cecil tells us that in the days of his vanity, though he withstood so many pious endeavors, he never could resist his mother's tears. Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta, in his narrative of intercourse with Bellingham, the assassin, says he could make him feel nothing till he mentioned *his mother*, and then he broke into a flood of tears. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—*Vt. Chronicle.*

[SALEM CORRESPONDENCE]

Fashionable Resorts.

SALEM, Mass., Aug. 19, 1856.

MR. EDITOR:—We are now in the midst of one of our most *hard-working* months. Those who are obliged to work, work *hard*, because the hot sun and the debilitated body will not let them work easy; and personsof wealth or those who follow fashion, work hard, because they cannot be fashionable otherwise. The beaches, watering-places, and re orts to which the fashionable end of the cities betakes itself, are stern work-houses. The inmates are oppressed with a sense of their publicity; every body's eyes are on them, and they are subject to everybody's remarks; and the standard of comparison and estimation is silk, jewelry, style, beauty. They must do their best. They must go through with all the permutations of their *boudoir;* air so many sets of dresses and appurtenances each day on their wearied frames, studying adaptation to sky and cloud, and the hour of the day, and the position one is to occupy when the expected charm is to culminate—whether at the critical moment just after sitting down to dine when all eyes are expected to steal up and down the opposed columns to find objects to glance at, while the courses slowly follow; or during the more languid and satisfied rolling of eyes before they retire, and while only now and then a faint sound of slowly dying appetite is heard; or during a promenade; or while sitting and sighing at a window in evening. Then, in addition to the *dressing* labor, there is the *amiable and happy looking* labor. All this supreme exertion to be at the height of *ton*, must be accompanied with the appearance of supreme delight and satisfaction. The will must be put on to the risible muscles just enough to keep them in a dance at the point where they are on the edge of a smile. It must also be put on to the muscles of locomotion, and they must be kept flexible, elastic, graceful. On the whole, fashionable pleasure during these hot months is the hardest business its devotees follow during the year.

It seems strange that those who wish a few week's recreation—our wealthy business men—should allow themselves to be thus duped. The explanation strikes at a radical disposition of human nature—a love of luxury and social display, which has found expression in all ages of the world; in the country residences and resorts of the old Romans, in the watering places of England, and the thronged retreats of gayety of France. But the principle is aggravated and disturbed by the thorough business-like character which belongs to everything peculiarly American. Our people are essentially *business* men. They have been bred to it from childhood; it has covered, if not exhausted, their plans for life. But nature demands recreation, sociality, and pleasure, in a good sense; and the American, because a man, must have it. But he has no faculty of diffusing it through the year, and relieving labor and care by it; he must take it all at once, and make a *business* of it. His business characteristics cast their shadow over everything; and hence, while as a man, he takes his vacation, as an American, he *works* it out.

In the intensity of modern life, the habit of a vacation seems indispensable. But the fashionable mode of spending it, defeats its own ends, and makes it an evil. Let those who take a vacation cast off the arbitrary claims of fashion, and no longer be the slaves of society. Let them return to a simpler, and not to a more artificial style of life; and seek communion with nature, or with human hearts. Let them retire where they can replenish their moral sentiments, and strengthen their noble purposes, and give breadth to their genial sympathies; and come back to the cities, those great moral exhausters, spiritually renewed, not debauched. It is a shame, a sin, to spend this period, properly designed to repair the spiritual and physical exhaustions of city life and business, in the *spendthrift* way—bankrupting morals and health, and estates—which is common. Christianity has something to do to convert the watering places—somthing to do to keep its hand on its own professed disciples while there—or else to lead them elsewhere.

I hope to be soon among the White Mountains; but I shall pay my respects to the lakes, and forests, and rocks, and the hugely piled earth, and the wide undulating landscape; not to the deposits of flouncing silks, and curls, and tinny slipper and the stiff linen, and shining Day & Martin, and regular mustachios, which are reported to be in that region.

NAUMKEAG.

U. S. Ship Independence.

The following is a note from the Chaplain of this ship, speaking of her course after leaving San Francisco. It is dated—

U. S. RAZEE INDEPENDENCE,
NEAR PANAMA, Aug. 26, 1856.

After leaving San Francisco, our ship visited the Sandwich Islands. There, at the largest of this group, I had the opportunity of seeing what, aside of Niagara, I deem to be the profoundest curiosity of the world. I allude to the active crater of the volcano of Kilauia, and the lava-flow, at this moment, from the neighboring mountain of Mauno Loa. At the first, I stood with feelings which I have never felt at any other spot in the world. It was an emotion of sadness, as if I looked on a world in ruins. The stream of lava, which, in its lurid flow, had reached a poiut of sixty miles from the height of Mauno Loa, I afterwards visited, and gazed at it as a lesser wonder than the crater of Kilauia; but a phenomenon of great and astonishing interest. Descriptions of these, in detail, would fill a volume, and I but mention them here.

From the Sandwich Islands, we visited the Navigators' group, or, as the natives call them, the "Samoau Isles." There, men and women may live without work, as no where else does nature give a greater abundance of perpetual fruits. The English missionaries have possession of the Islands in their Christian operations.

From the Navigators' Islands, we made a stretch of six thousand miles, without sight of land, to Valparaiso, save getting a glimpse of San Fernandez, off the Chili coast. After being out of the line of mail communication for six months, it was indeed grateful to find waiting for me, at Valparaiso, many letters.

I am hoping to be relieved from ship, on reaching Panama; and from there to go home to New York by the way of the Isthmus.

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—A few days since, a lovely little child of four summers was buried in this town. On leaving the house of its parents, the clergyman, Rev. Mr. Jay, plucked up by the roots a beautiful little "forget-me-not," and took it with him to the grave.

After the little embryo of humanity had been deposited in the grave, the clergyman, holding up the plant in his hand, said:

"I hold in my hand a beautiful flower, which I plucked from the garden we have just left. By taking it from its parent home, it has withered; but I here plant it in the head of this grave, and it will soon revive and flourish.

"So with the little flower we have just placed in the grave. It has been plucked from its native garden, and has wilted; but it is transplanted into the garden of Immortality, where it will revive forever and flourish in immortality, glory, and beauty.—*Andover Adv.*

GRIEFS OF BOYHOOD.—God have mercy on the boy who learns to grieve early. Condemn it as a sentiment, if you will, talk as you will of the fearlessness and strength of the boy's heart, yet there belong to it many tenderly strung chords of affection, which give forth low and gentle music, that consoles and ripens the ear for all the harmonies of life. These chords a little rude or unnatural tension may break, and break forever. Watch your boy, then, if so be he will bear the strain: try his nature, if it be rude or delicate; and if delicate, in Heaven's name do not, as you value your peace and his, breed a harsh spirit in him, that shall take pride in subjugating and forgetting the finer affections.

Slavery for Oregon.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:—A gentleman friend of mine who is now traveling in Oregon, has written me a letter containing information so important, and even startling, that I feel bound to communicate it to the public. The writer is a man who has resided long upon this coast, and his opinions were not hastily formed; nor were they expressed, as his letter will show, till the evidences of the truth so accumulated before him, that he was compelled to give it utterance.

He writes as follows:

"Dark clouds, even now forboding blackness hang over Oregon. The danger is from afar—from beyond the desert—even from Missouri, and the lands of slavery to the East and South. Yes, it is the same storm that from the borders of the Mississippi, has swept Westward over Kansas, desolating alike the homes and the altars of freedom! Already it borders upon the sun, but it has not obscured it. Already, too, are heard its mutterings, but it has not yet broken in terror over the land.—The 'ruffians' are not here, nor U. S. troops to force their votes upon the people. But emigrants enough, are here from the ruffian State, and 'Atchisons,' and 'Strongfellows,' enough, are here to lead them on to slavery, and these plotters against the liberty of the Territory only await *their time!* They feel certain of victory, They say nothing openly; the papers do not openly advocate it, but they are creeping stealthily towards their victim, and are ready to spring upon it in a moment when the time shall come. This may seem to be a needless alarm, but the danger is real and imminent and I am forced to believe it against all my inclinations. I contested step by step the convictions of its truth as they were forced upon me; but those convictions *are on me*, and I feel the burden. I groan in spirit under them as the prospect before me darkens in these beautiful valleys, and on these forest shores. The rescue of Kansas and the repeal of the Nebraska Bill under an administration that respects both national faith and the rights of freemen can alone save them from the blighting curse of this great sin. This unwelcome impression was made upon me, by information I have recently gathered from persons, from different parts of the territory with whom I have had an opportunity to converse. From their statements came out facts that astonished and pained me. They were facts such as various individuals had gathered in their intercourse with the people, both in public and private; facts of the nature of private conversations, public political addresses, and (so called) religious harrangues. I cannot repeat them, but in the minds of men who have long looked upon the bright side of things for this Territory, and have habitually laughed at the suggestion of possible danger to its liberties, were of such a nature as to prove beyond a doubt that a large number of the people now essaying to control affair in Oregon are in favor of introducing slavery there.

The facts went further, and proved that the DEMOCRATIC PARTY, which has always been the dominant party, were prepared to *put the plank in their platform*, and make it a plain issue before the people, provided their delegate at Washington had secured the passage of the "Oregon State Bill," through Congress.

Moreover, they threw grave suspicion over that well known pro-slavery delegate, and over the party he represents, that the pro-slavery prospects of this Territory were used by him among Southern members in both Houses, as the strongest reason for the immediate passage of that bill.

It is high time that this subject was fully understood. This plan ought not to be consummated in the dark. The importance of the subject transcends conception. If Oregon accepts slavery, it will be more than the loss of Kansas to freedom. And those who have traveled most and know the state of affairs best, are most confident that this result is designed and intended if the Democratic party succeeds. Should this great calamity befall Oregon, a still greater would naturally and necessarily follow it. Liberty of speech and of the press would at once be crushed. The outrages of Kansas, and the western frontier of Missouri, would be re-enacted. Every editor that should dare to speak for freedom would be mobbed, his life endangered, his press broken, and his house levelled or burned over his head. Every minister of the gospel who could not be bought or bullied into silence, would be bound and rafted down the rivers or otherwise driven from the Territory. But there are those here, prepared to leave, and will leave, or die for freedom on the spot, before they will consent to be silent, or to suppress the truth, on this giant system of iniquity. And they would be put to the test, should that event happen. Not until now have these vigilant friends of freedom felt the necessity of combining and preventing, if possible, the introduction of this monstrous system upon the shores of the Pacific. Never before were their eyes so opened to the impending nature of the peril. What steps they may now take is uncertain; in fact, they hesitate what course to pursue. But one thing is certain, they will not sleep over the subject, nor be silent. They know and feel the vital importance of the issue to Oregon, and will meet it like men. Let not all sympathy and aid be given to Kansas.

There is yet time to save Oregon, and I cannot but hope and believe that the disaster that threatens her will be averted. Shame! a thousand times shame and woe to us as a Christian people, if ever against the old home of *pagan despotism*, and in front of half the world, we set up the worst known form of human oppression."

Such, citizens of California, is the danger impending over Oregon. Nor is this scheme destitute of sympathizers in this State. A gentleman high in office was heard to say not a week ago, that when Kansas affairs were settled, slavery would be introduced into Oregon next, and then he would go with all his might, for bringing it into California!

Hear that men of the mountains,—do you want labor degraded, and its price reduced to nothing, by the bringing in of slaves along side of you?

Farmers in the vallies, do you want slave labor to compete with yours? Citizens of a free State, do you want slavery to darken the shores of the Pacific? P. S.

THE NAKED EDGE.—I am tormented with the desire of preaching better than I can. But I have no wish to make fine, pretty sermons; prettiness is well enough when prettiness is in its place. I like to see a pretty child, a pretty flower, but in a sermon, prettiness is out of place. To my ear it would be anything but a commendation, should it be said to me, "You have given us a pretty sermon." If I were upon trial for my life, and my advocate should amuse the jury with his tropes and figures, burying his argument beneath a profusion of the flowers of rhetoric. I would say to him, "Tut, man, you care more for your vanity than for my hanging. Put yourself in my place—speak in view of the gallows, and you will tell your story plainly and earnestly." I have no objection to a lady's winding a sword with ribbons and studding it with roses, when she presents it to her lover; but in the day of battle he will tear away the ornaments, and use the naked edge on the enemy.—*Robert Hall.*

A PRIZE.—It is a blessed thing for a man to have a contented wife—one who does not wish to live in style beyond her husband's income, just because some of their neighbors do; one who can be happy in the performance of her home duties, without asking the deceitful world for its smiles or its favor.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship soothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by patience and virtue. But whoever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years, stamped with wisdom, and effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time.

The Laws of Honor.

THE LUNATIC.

Visiting lately a rural district of Scotland, we were led to pay a visit to a small private asylum for lunatics—a scene always peculiarly attractive to those who take an interest in the philosophy of the mind. Everything was found to be in a most comfortable and creditable condition—as unlike as possible to that of all such places twenty or thirty years ago. One individual, out of the small number of persons confined there, arrested our special attention. He was a man past mid-age, upright in person, and with that general bearing which at once indicated the military man. His manner was quick and lively, or rather restless, and this was, in truth, the only feature in his deportment from which one could have guessed anything to be amiss with him. He spoke rapidly, and with apparent good sense, and seemed to take a pleasure in talking with visitors, as well as to have an anxiety to entertain them. His power to do so was in a great measure confined to the exhibition of his room, and the few curiosities contained in it. He had everything in excellent order, the habits of the soldier in this respect being evidently strong within him. All his books were neatly arranged, and his numerous papers were docketed and shelved with the greatest regularity. These papers consisted chiefly of memorials to Government or the War-office, the drawing up of which formed the great occupation, we were told, of his days, and the main theme of his conversation. Altogether, he spoke so sensibly, and every thing about him had such an appearance of order and respectability, that it was impossible not to feel an interest in the poor man, or to aaoid entertaining some curiosity as to his past hisiory. Fortunately a friend was able to supply the desired information on this point.

"Poor Captain B——," said our informant, "is a victim to the niceties of military honor at the present day, though, in some measure, as you shall hear, he assuredly deserved his fate. He served with credit in the British army during the early part of the continental war, and was subsequently sent out with his regiment to one of the West India Islands, for the possession of which the French were then disputing with us. The British took the island, and remained stationed in it for some time, but they were in turn attacked and expelled by the French. A considerable number of our soldiery were taken prisoners, and among them was Captain B——. He was a man unpossessed of that degree of mental fortitude which can render endurable any change occurring in in the way of duty, and fretted greatly under the misfortune that befel him. Nevertheless, like others, he gave his parole not to attempt an escape, and on the faith thereof, was permitted to enjoy a good deal of license in his movements. He and his companions were not permitted to roam wherever they chose, indeed, on the island, but they were allowed the freedom of a large open space for the benefit of air and exercise.

"Such had been the state of things for some weeks, when, one day, a British ship was seen hovering off the island. Capt. B—— saw it among others, and instantly the possibility of an escape occurred to him. If he could quit his place of confinement, and put off in a small boat from the coast, under cover of the shade of the evening, the probability was that he would readily reach the ship. But, then, his parole—the word of honor given by him not to attempt fight? Capt. D—— was not blind to the impropriety of breaking a pledge of this kind; but the desire of escape gained the ascendancy over all other feelings, and smothered down all objections. That night, without communicating his intention to any one, the captain contrived to leave his room, clambered over the wall encircling his place of confinement, and made his way safety to the beach. The moonlight enabled him to see the British ship at but a short distince, and he got hold of a very small boat without being observed. In this vessel, after a long and laborious pull at the oars, the captain found himself at last by the side of his countrymen's ship, and was taken in greatly exhausted.

"To the officer in the command, Captain B. said nothing about his parole, but when conveyed to Jamaica, where his regiment then lay with the rest of the forces on the West India station, he found himself obliged to tell the truth, knowing that, sooner or later, it would be learned from others, whether he himself told it or not. After the excitement attending the act of escape had passed off, he had begun to reflect, with some uneasiness, on the light in which the matter might be viewed by his superiors in command. But the reality was far more harassing than he had at all anticipated. His Colonel, when informed of the affair, threw him instantly into arrest, and summoned a court marthal to inquire into the matter. The captain's statement was decisive against himself. He admitted having given his parole, and having broken it. The decision against him was unanimous, and to the effect, that "his conduct was most unworthy a British officer and gentleman, and calculated to throw disgrace on the whole service." It was, moreover, resolved that he should be instantly sent back again to the French station, with the explanation, that "the British army, to a man, reprobated the conduct of Captain B—— in breaking his parole."

"Accordingly, by the earliest opportunity, the unlucky officer was re-conveyed to his late place of confinement among the French. His state of mind, under these circumstances, was pitiable. To be so cast off and repudiated by his own friends, and to be sent back to meet still greater disgrace, and perhaps punishment, at the hands of the enemy, was indeed calculated to gall his feelings most deeply. The results of his re-transmission to the French station made the case much worse. When he was landed under a flag of truce, and conveyed to the quarters of the General in command, that personage immediately called his principal officers about him, and held a consultation with them. Captain B—— was present, and every eye was turned upon him with indignant contempt. The conference was short, and ended in the commander sitting down to write a note, which bore, that 'the French were highly gratified with the politeness of the British in sending back Captain B——, and sincerely believed that every man in the British army must despise his conduct in violating his word of honor; but that they (the French) begged leave to return him to his friends, as they declined keeping, or having anything further to do with so mean a rascal.' * * * * *

The result was, that Captain B—— returned to England, and some years afterward, died a lunatic in an asylum, produced by a violation of the Laws of Honor—despised by his countrymen, and pitied by their enemies.

WORK.—There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations which are truth.

The latest gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it. "Know thyself" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual; know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written "an endless significance lies in work;" as man perfects himself by writing. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but as he bends himself with free valor against his task, all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labor in him, is it not a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame.

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a chaos, but a round compacted world. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay; how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel, reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking. Even such a Potter were destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch, a mere enamelled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle thing of this.—*Carlyle.*

[From Beckwourth's Narrative.]

A Chase for Life.

On the third day we found buffalo, and killed great numbers of them by a "surround." At this place we lost six horses, three of them belonging to myself, two to a Swiss, and one to Baptiste. Not relishing the idea of losing them (for they were splendid animals), and seeing no signs of Indians, I and the Swiss started along the back track in pursuit, with the understanding that we would rejoin our company at the Buttes. We followed them to the last place of rendezvous; their tracks were fresh and plain, but we could gain no sight of our horses. We then gave up the chase, and encamped in a thicket. In the morning we started to return, and had not proceeded far, when, hearing a noise in our rear, I looked round, and saw between two and three hundred Indians within a few hundred yards of us. They soon discovered us, and, from their not making immediate pursuit, I inferred that they mistook us for two of their own party. However, they soon gave chase. They being also on foot, I said to my companion, "Now we have as good a chance of escaping as they have of overtaking us."

The Swiss (named Alexander) said, "It is of no use for me to try to get away: I can not run; save yourself, and never mind me."

"No," I replied, "I will not leave you; run as fast as you can until you reach the creek; there you can secrete yourself, for they will pursue me."

He followed my advice, and saved himself. I crossed the stream, and when I again appeared in sight of the Indians I was on the summit of a small hill two miles in advance. Giving a general yell, they came in pursuit of me. On I ran, not daring to indulge the hope that they would give up the chase, for some of the Indians are great runners, and would rather die than incur the ridicule of their brethren. On, on we tore; I to save my scalp, and my pursuers to win it. At length I reached the Buttes, where I had expected to find the camp, but, to my inconceivable horror and dismay, my comrades were not there. They had found no water on their route, and had proceeded to the river, forty-five miles distant.

My feelings at this disappointment transcended expression. A thousand ideas peopled my feverish brain at once. Home, friends, and my loved one presented themselves with one lightning-flash. The Indians were close at my heels; their bullets were whizzing past me; their yells sounded painfully in my ears; and I could almost feel the knife making a circuit round my skull. On I bounded, however, following the road which our whole company had made. I was scorching with thirst, having tasted neither sup nor bit since we commenced the race. Still on I went with the speed of an antelope. I kept safely in advance of the range of their bullets, when suddenly the glorious sight of the camp-smoke caught my eye. My companions perceived me at a mile from the camp, as well as my pursuers; and, mounting their horses to meet me, soon turned the tables on my pursuers. It was now the Indians' turn to be chased. They must have suffered as badly with thirst as I did, and our men cut them off from the river. Night had begun to close in, under the protection of which the Indians escaped; our men returned with only five scalps. According to the closest calculation, I ran that day ninety-five miles.

My heels thus deprived the rascally Indians of their anticipated pleasure of dancing over my scalp. My limbs were so much swollen the next morning, that for two or three days ensuing it was with great difficulty I got about. My whole system was also in great pain. In a few days, however, I was as well as ever, and ready to repay the Indians for their trouble.

Bayard Taylor has been a great traveller for one so young. When he made his first tour of Europe he was a compositor in the *Tribune* office, in New York, and, we believe, about 20 years of age. He left New York, on the 1st of July, 1848, for Liverpool, to make the tour of Europe on foot. He spent three weeks in Ireland and Scotland;—one week in London, and then traveled through Germany, Switzerland and Italy, and returned to London by way of Paris; and thence to New York; having been gone about two years. His "Views Afoot" was published soon after. On the 28th of June, 1849, he left New York for California, by way of Chagres. He visited the mines, and after remaining about six months, he passed through the southern part of the State, and returned home through Mexico, and published his adventures in two volumes. His next journey was into Central Africa, made in 1851. He passed through Egypt and Nubia into Ethiopia, up the White Nile; and went, it is said, farther than any white man had been before him. In this journey his health was uniformly good, and he was kindly treated in all his intercourse with the natives. He published a volume on Central Africa.

He returned to Alexandria and commenced a journey through Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, and published a volume called "The Lands of the Saracen." He continued his travels into India, China, Loo Choo Islands and Japan; was with Commodore Perry when the Treaty of Commerce was made with Japan. He returned to New York with the Expedition, and published a volume, entitled "Japan." He has traveled in all 50,000 miles. Besides these five volumes of travels, he has published a volume of Poems, many of them very beautiful, and proving him a poet of more than ordinary imagination and power of expression. His ability for learning different languages is said to be remarkable. He has just now started on another journey to the northern countries of Europe, Norway, Sweden, Russia and Siberia, and when he returns we shall have a new volume upon the peculiarities of Scandinavia. He is certainly a remarkable young man, and a good specimen of American character.

A chaplain was once preaching to a class of collegians about the formation of habits. "Gentlemen," said he, "close your ears against bad discourses." The scholars immediately clapped their hands to their ears, and the chaplain looked rather funny at so practical a demonstration.

People do not care to give alms without some security for their money; and a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draft upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

Frightful Earthquake in the Moluccas.

ERUPTION OF A VOLCANO—THREE THOUSAND LIVES LOST.

[*From the London Times.*]

The Indian mail brings advices of another of those dreadful earthquakes for which Ternati and the adjoining localities in the Moluccas are proverbial. An eruption of the active volcano on the island of Great Sangir, in longitude 125 degrees 50 minutes East, and latitude 3 degrees 50 minutes North, has occurred. The northwestern part of the island of Great Sangir is formed by the mountain Awu, which has several peaks, the highest being about 4,000 feet above the sea. On the west side the mountain runs very steep into the sea, at the height of the large village Kandhar, however, falling away to a low promontory.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock on the evening of the 2d of March, a sudden and altogether indescribable crashing noise was heard, which, indicating to the Sangirese an eruption of the volcano, filled them with consternation. Simultaneously with this, the glowing lava streamed downwards with irresistible force in different directions, bearing with it whatever it encountered on its destructive course, and causing the sea to boil wherever they came in contact. The hot springs opened up and cast out a flood of boiling water, which destroyed and carried away what the fire had spared. The sea, obedient to an unusual impulse, lashed the rocks with frightful violence, dashed upon the shore and heaved itself with a wild haste against the land as if it strove to overmaster the fire stream.

This frightful picture of destruction, the horror of which was increased by the shrieks of men and beasts, the wild roaring of the tempest, and the crashing of thousands of trees torn up and carried away, was followed, about an hour later, by peals of thunder which shook the ground and deafened the ear. A black column of stone and ashes then shot up from the mountain to an immense height, and fell, illumined by the glare of the lava, like a shower of fire upon the surrounding country below, producing a darkness that, only now and then momentarily broken by the flashes of lightning, was so intense, that people could not discern objects close at hand, and which completed their confusion and despair. Large stones were hurled through the air, crushing whatever they fell upon. Houses and crops, which had not been destroyed by fire, sunk and disappeared beneath the ashes and stones; and the hill streams, stopped by these barriers, formed lakes, which, breaking over their banks, soon proved a new source of destruction.

This lasted some hours. About midnight the raging elements sank to rest; but on the following day, about noon, they again resumed their work of destruction, with renewed violence. In the meantime, the fall of ashes continued without intermission, and was so thick on this day that the rays of the sun could not penetrate through it, and an appalling darkness prevailed.

Scarcely recovered in some degree from their fright, the inhabitants of this desolated part of Sangir were again disturbed by an eruption on the 17th March, which destroyed many fields and a great number of trees on the Tabukan side.

Since then the volcano has remained quiet, and the only symptom of its working has been the smoke rising up in all directione from cracks and fissures in the ground. The streams of lava on the slopes are still so slightly cooled that people dare not venture to any great distance from the shore. According to the accounts of the natives, the top of the mountain does not appear to have undergone any noticeable alteration.

On the other side of Kandhar, on the extreme north point of the island, the appearance of the devastation which has been caused, is, if possible, even more frightful than what has taken place at Taruna. For here, where formerly there were to be seen extensive fields bearing all kinds of crops, and thickly planted and endless groves of cocoanuts, we now find nothing but lava, stones, and ashes. The liquid fire seems at this point to have flowed from the mountain with irresistible force and in prodigious quantity. Not only has this fearful flood, as it were, buried the whole district and all that was upon it, but after having caused this destruction over an extent of several miles, it was still powerful enough, on reaching the shore, to form two long tanjongs (capes) at places where the depth of water formerly consisted of many fathoms.

A number of other districts and places have been, some wholly destroyed, others greatly injured by the fire.

The loss of life has been great. It is estimated as follows, in the undermentioned districts: Taruna, men, women and children, 722; Kandhar, men, women and children, 45; Tabukan, men, women and children, 2,039; total, 2,806.

The greater number met their death in the gardens. They fled in all directions, but were overtaken and swallowed up by the fatal fire-stream. Some tried to save themselves in the trees, but were either carried away with them or killed by the scorching heat. At Kalangan and Tariang the houses were filled with people, who were stopped in their flight by the lava streaming down on all sides and the streams of boiling water, and who met their death under the burning ashes and the tumbling houses. Many who had reached the shore and thought themselves safe, became a prey to the furious waves, and many died through sheer despair and agony.

Reanimation of Drowned Persons.

Dr. Hall, an eminent physician in London, has just given to the world the result of a series of investigation on Asphyxia, or the suspended animation resulting from immersion in water, which are interesting in the highest degree, and if in the hands of others found to be effectual, will revolutionize the entire method of treating persons found drowned. He objects to the practice of seeking to restore animation by elevating the temperature of the body by hot blankets and hot applications. The suspended annimation in the case of drowning arises from two distinct causes; first, a want of air usually received in the process of respiration, and second, a retent of carbonic acid gas in the lungs, and in its final permeation in the blood vessels. This permeation produces a poison capable of disorganizing the blood, and producing death from this cause alone, and is increased by heat and heated applications. Dr. Hall has pointed out one impediment to the restoration of this function, which has hitherto escaped notice. This is the falling back of the tongue across the top of the glottis, or entrance into the windpipe. The first step in Dr. Hall's process is to remove this difficulty by placing the patient upon his face and breast, instead of his back as is usually done. The body is then turned slowly upon its side, and re-turned as slowly to its first position upon the breast and face. This motion, whose effect is to cause a considerable amount of air in the lungs to be expelled and reinspired, is to be kept up until breathing is restored, or all hopes of resuscitation from this source are abandoned. "Nothing," says Dr. Hall, "can exceed the beauty of this life-giving, (if life can be given,) this breathing process."—*Baltimore American.*

COMMONPLACE WOMEN.—Heaven knows how many simple letters, from simple minded women, have been kissed, cherished, and wept over, by men of far loftier intellect. So it will always be to the end of time. It will be a lesson worth learning by these young creatures who seek to allure by their accomplishments, or dazzle by their genius, that though he may admire, no man ever loves a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from, though not incompatible with them—her woman's nature and her woman's heart. This is why we so often see a man of high genius or intellectual power pass by the De Staels and the Corinnes, to take unto his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him, except that she is—what so few of our "female celebrities are—a true woman.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

Beckwourth's Birthright Established.—The Identification.

Beckwourth gradually became celebrated among the hunters for his skill, and among the Indians as a brave; and when he got among the Crows—the most civilized and powerful nation of the Western Indians, a tribe of which he eventually became chief—he attracted a great deal of attention, growing out of which, resulted an incident that gave character to the whole of his future life. Among the hunters was a man by the name of Greenwood, who, to amuse himself, told a party of Crows visiting the traders' encampment, that Beckwourth—now known to them as a "great warrior" and as "White-handled Knife"—was himself a Crow. He went on to state that, many winters before, the Cheyennes had defeated the Crows, killing many warriors, and carrying off many women and children. At that time, Beckwourth was a child, and was sold by the Cheyennes to the whites, with whom he staid until he decided to return to his own people. Beckwourth, amused at the romance, and greatly edified at the gullibility of the red man, allowed the Indians to spread the tale of wonderment, laughing in his own mind at their expense. Meanwhile, with a party of traders, he started for the Crow country, and was unexpectedly taken prisoner by a party of "horse guards" belonging to that people. Let the result of Greenwood's practical joke be explained in the simple but expressive language of the autobiography:

"My capture was known throughout the whole village in five minutes, and hundreds gathered round the lodge to get sight of the prisoner. In the crowd were some who had talked to Greenwood a few weeks before. They at once exclaimed, 'That is the lost Crow, the great brave who has killed so many of our enemies; he is our brother!' Old and young were impatient to obtain a sight of the 'great brave.' Orders were immediately given to summon all the old women taken by the Cheyennes so many winters past who had suffered at that time the loss of a son. The lodge was cleared for the *examining committee*, and the old women, breathless with excitement, their eyes wild and protruding, and their nostrils dilated, arrived in squads, until the lodge was filled to overflowig. I believe never was mortal gazed at with such intense and sustained interest as I was on that occasion. Arms and legs were critically scrutinized. My face next passed the ordeal; then my neck, back, breast, and all parts of my body, even down to my feet, which did not escape the examination of these anxious matrons, in their endeavors to discover some mark or peculiarity whereby to recognize their brave son. At length one old woman, after having scanned my visage with the utmost intentness, came forward and said, 'If this is my son, he has a mole over one of his eyes.' My eyelids were immediately pulled down to the utmost stretch of their elasticity, when, sure enough, she discovered a mole just over my left eye!

"'Then, and oh then!' such shouts of joy as were uttered by that honest hearted woman were seldom before heard, while all in the crowd took part in her rejoicing. It was uncultivated joy, but not the less heartfelt and intense. It was a joy which a mother can only experience when she recovers a son whom she had supposed dead in his earliest days. She has mourned him silently through weary nights and busy days for the long space of twenty years; suddenly he presents himself before her in robust manhood, and graced with the highest name an Indian can appreciate. It is but nature, either in the savage breast or civilized, that hails such a return with overflowing joy, and feels the mother's undying affection awakened beyond all control. All the other claimants resigning their pretentions, I was fairly carried along by the excited crowd to the lodge of the "Big Bowl," who was my father. The news of my having proved to be the son of Mrs. Big Bowl flew through the village with the speed of lightning, and on my arrival at the paternal newly-discovered relatives, who welcomed me nearly to death. They seized me in their arms and hugged me, and my face positively burned with the enraptured kisses of my numerous fair sisters, with a long host of cousins, aunts, and other more remote kindred. All these welcoming ladies as firmly believed in my identity with the lost one, as they believed in the existence of the Great Spirit.

"My father knew me to be his lost son; told all the Crows that the dead was alive again, and the lost one was found. He knew it was fact; Greenwood had said so, and the words of Greenwood were true; his tongue was not choked—he would not lie. He also had told him that his arm was strong; that the Black Feet quailed before his rifle and battle-axe; that his lodge was full of their scalps which his knife had taken; that they must rally around me to support and protect me; and that his long-lost son would be a strong breast-work to their nation; that he would teach them how to defeat their enemies. They all promised that they would do as his words had indicated.

"My unmarried sisters were four in number, very pretty, intelligent young women. They, as soon as the departure of the crowd would admit, took off my old leggins, and moccasins, and other garments, and supplied their place with new ones, most beautifully ornamented according to their very last fashion. My sisters were very ingenious in such work, and they well-nigh quarreled among themselves for the privilege of dressing me. When my toilet was finished to their satisfaction, I could compare in elegance with the most popular warrior of the tribe when in full costume. They also prepared me a bed, not so high as Haman's gallows certainly, but just as high as the lodge would admit. This was also a token of their esteem and sisterly affection. No power on earth could have shaken their faith in my positive identity with the lost child. Nature seemed to prompt the old women to recognize me in that relation, and all my new relatives placed implicit faith in the genuineness of her discovery. Greenwood had spoken it, 'and his tongue was not crooked.' What could I do under the circumstances? Even if I should deny my Crow origin, they would not believe me. How could I dash with an unwelcome and incredible explanation all the joy that had been manifested on my return—the cordial welcome, the rapturous embraces of those who hailed me as a son and a brother, the exuberant joy of the whole nation for the return of a long-lost Crow, who, stolen when a child, had returned in the strength of maturity, graced with the name of a great brave, and the generous strife I had occasioned in their endeavors to accord me the warmest welcome? I could not find it in my heart to undeceive these unsuspecting people, and tear myself away from their untutored caresses."

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin near him, and, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised with his serenity and composure, that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible that you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She immediately answered, "No!"

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe; and that He who holds the winds in His hands, and the waters in the hollow thereof, is my father."

SLANDER.—It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least none that are actively engaged in the struggle of business life. Have a bad fellow in your employmunt and discharge him, he goes round and slanders you. Let your conduct be such as to create the envy of another, he goes round and slanders you. In fine, as we said before, we would not give a cent for a person that is not slandered. It shows that he is either a jackass or a fool.

Death Music.

"The German poet Uhland is now an old man. He was born at Tubingen, in 1787, and lives in Stutgart, enjoying an unbounded popularity among his countrymen in his serene old age. In his celebrated poem of *The Landlady's Daughter*, (Der Wirthin Tochterlin), the poet views the solemn beauty of death in an æsthetic light. Poetical minds have often associated death with the sound of soft music, and in both of the following lyrics the idea is carried out by Uhland. The theme of the first is the fine fancy of a dying girl hearing the song of angels.

THE SERENADE.

"O say what heavenly melodies
Thus on my slumbers break:
O mother, see!—what can it be,
Which late I hear and wake?"

"I hear no sound—I see no form—
Rest still in slumber mild!
There's no one sings thee serenades,
My poor sick darling child!"

"It is not earthly music's sounds
Which fills me with delight:
The angels call me in their songs,
O mother dear! good night!"

"In the second, the sick man is represented as dying amid the sounding of the music which he had implored.

The conception in the second poem, *The Organ* is by no means new, for we find it gracefully embodied in Sir Walter Scott's tale, the *Surgeon's Daughter*; nor is it purely ideal and imaginative, for we know that Mozart died while his daughter sung over to him the sweetest of his songs—his last composition, the *Requiem*. Beethoven, too, ere he expired, sung these cheering lines from one of his own hymns;

"Bruder ueber'm Sternenzelt,
Muss eim lieber Vater wohnen."

These lines are quoted from Schiller's lyre *An die Frende*, (To Joy,) and may be Englished thus:

Brethren, over the starry tent
Surely lives a loving Father.

THE ORGAN.

"O once again, my neighbor old,
Thy sounding organ play;
Perchance its pious solemn peals
May chase my griefs away."

He thus implored. His neighbor played
As ne'er he played before;
In tones so lofty, pure, and grand—
His touch he knew no more.

A strange but happy melody
From his skilled hand there flows:
The old man stops aghast: his friend
Lies still in death's repose.

Sands of Gold.

Master your passions, or they will master you.

Waste nothing; neither money, time, nor talent.

Let everything have its place, and every business its time.

Omit no duty, commit no unkindness.

Obey promptly that you may learn to command.

Keep the body perfectly pure, as an indication of purity of the mind within.

Resolve to perform what you ought: perform what you resolve.

Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

Speak the truth, or be silent.

Be courteous, be charitable—in honor preferring one another.

If you can say nothing good of one, say nothing at all.

Without application, the finest talents are worthless; and with application they may be valuable.

A wise man will stay for a convenient season, and will bend a little, rather than be torn up by the roots.

Fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make its decay invisible.

Society, like shaded silks, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive us.

Ice broken, and ice melted, represent the two kinds of repentence.

The bread of life, is love; the salt of life, is work; the sweetness of life, poesy; the water of life, faith.

It seems as if all the world were purblind: they can see nothing unless it glitters.

If you would keep springs in your heart learn to sing. There is more merit in melody than most people are aware of. A cobbler who smooths his wax ends with a song will do as much work in one day as one given to ill-nature and fretting would effect in a week.

MAKE THE LIVING HAPPY.—If we were only half as lenient to the living as we are to the dead, how much happier might we render them and from how much vain and bitter remorse might be spared, when the grave, the "all atoning grave," has closed over them.

When our desires are fulfilled to the very letter, we always find some mistake, which renders them anything but what we expected.

It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate, says Dryden, and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.

Laziness begets wearisomeness, and this puts men in quest of diversions, play and company, on which however it is a constant attendant; he who works hard, has enough to do with himself otherwise.

Life is a journey, and it is generally our own fault if we do not make a pleasant excursion of it.

The man who is without an idea generally, has the greatest idea of himself.

ENERGY.—In the formation of character, personal exertion is the first, the second, and third virtue. Without it, no man, in any profession or business of life can do his duty.

He whose ruling passion is the love of praise, is a slave to every one that has a tongue for flattery and calumny.

Lazy rich girls make rich men poor—and industrious poor girls make poor men rich.

TRUE MAGNANIMITY.—Hath any wronged you? Be bravely avenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and the work is finished.

The Soul is a prisoner that always kills its jailer when it makes its escape.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial-plate, which appears in fine weather, but vanishes on the approach of a cloud.

It is said that no man who has paid regularly for his newspaper, has ever been bitten by a mad dog.

Why are railway companies like laundresses? Because they have ironed the whole country, and sometimes do a litte mangling.

What is the world? A dream within a dream; as we grow older, each step is an inward wakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood; the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary; the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Is death the last sleep? No; it is the last final awakening.

"I repeat it, sir, I never can, and never will, and no earthly power will make me vote, directly or indirectly, to spread slavery over territory where it does not exist. Never while reason holds her seat in my brain—never while my heart sends the vital fluid through my veins—NEVER!"—*Henry Clay.*

RIDICULE.—If there be one habit more than another, the dry-rot of all that is high and generous, it is the habit of ridicule. The lip ever ready with the sneer, the eye ever on the watch for the ludicrous, must always dwell upon the external; and most of what is great and good lies below the surface.

The four ordinary secrets of health are—early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and the rising from the table with stomach unoppressed. There may be sorrows in spite of these, but they will be less with them, and nobody can be truly comfortable without them.

HOW TO BE RICH.—Nothing is more easy, says Mr. Spaulding, than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get everything, and save all we get—to stint ourselves and everybody belonging to us—to be the friend of no man, and have no man for our friend—to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable and despised for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

THE PACIFIC.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 25, 1856.

A Revival.

In dreams, a night or two since, we seemed to stand in a church thronged with worshipers. It was a scene of greater interest than any that ever yet was witnessed on the Pacific coast. It was a revival, of a month's continuance, and of general, deepening interest. The whole community seemed to have been moved, with one impulse, to throng the church, and participate in the blessings which were diffused. The young pastor stood with a serene and grateful countenance, like a shepherd in the midst of a countless flock. The eye ranged with delight over the scene, and the heart dwelt upon it as upon the fulfilment of a millenial prophecy. To us it was only a dream, but it will sometime become here a glad reality.

No such event has yet been witnessed here, embracing a whole community and moving it to its depths. But it will come. Human nature is the same everywhere. And that divine influence by which whole communities are moved to extraordinary apprehension of eternal things, and sympathetic religious action, is confined to no part of our country, or of the world. Under the ordinary operations of the mind, upon common subjects, we are a people somewhat given to excitements. The finding of a hidden treasure by a miner, will draw multitudes, far and near, to stake off claims, in hope of striking the same vein and gaining similar treasure. In all civil concerns, as in matters of speculation, we are capable of intensely active sympathies. Much more under the influence of the spirit of Almighty God, when the treasure reached is an eternal fortune, and the good offered is unchanging future safety, we may move in masses in some day of divine visitation. That time may be long deferred—it seems not very likely now. Yet it will come and we trust not long hence, when the moral man shall mingle his confessions along with the vile, and all seek the unmerited grace of God; and when strangers or those who have known only the sympathies of citizens in a common danger or prosperity of the State, shall mingle their holiest feelings in a new and sacred brotherhood of love.

Such things will come to us; far off as they seem now. And then it will be seen anew, that religion has not only the controlling force of a perfect morality, but also power to command homage, as the cloud with the voice of Jehovah in it, speaking to the soul. Religion will thus vindicate itself in the world. It will not only gain homage for its lessons of morality, and acknowledgment of its teachings above human reason, but it will bow down strong minds, and bend whole communities before its breath.

Who can compute the value of a visitation of religious influence to a community! Its fruits in society are "joy and peace;" but these are only "first fruits." No one can estimate the immensity of the interests involved; the vastness of the blessings offered, and sometimes pressed with a peculiar power upon the acceptance of a whole community. Eternal life, to souls that are in danger of losing the brightest boon in the gift of Heaven! No angel can compute the loss which he endures, who, placed here for probation, comes short of the life eternal. Endless ages cannot exhaust or suffice for comprehending the blessings of a blessed, immortal life. There is such a thing as failing to obtain it. How poor are any results of earthly effort, won by our own skill and girded energy, compared with that eternal life which is "the *gift* of God." A name among men, is won only by toil of body and mind. It is but a breath, a phantom; not a substance. But when human tongues shall have ceased to speak human praises, the soul that has received heaven shall rejoice forever. Riches perish soon. We can appropriate little; we can carry nothing away. But the riches of the eternal inheritance are as enduring as the soul. These, these things are the birth-right of him who is born of God. And a revival is a birth-time of multitudes. Who will not desire fervently that the living spirit of God may come to this community?

Is it not time that we should arise and seek this great gift of God? salvation brought near to a whole community? Thousands since our feet first stepped on this western shore, have gone down to the cold grave. Thousands since we have been pursuing the plans that brought us here, and scarcely begun to realize how soon our work will be over, have been summoned away from the gold fields and the harvest land to try the dread unknown.

All the time, we have believed that the man who gained not a religious character, is unprepared to die. Then let us not say "Four" months, and then cometh the harvest;" but even now the harvest is waiting to be gathered; even now that influence hovers over us which none who have witnessed its manifestation, doubt to be divine.

To Correspondents.

Elder Hyde—A week since, we gave a report of a sermon upon polygamy, by Elder Hyde. We have since received from him a note correcting a few points in the report. We are glad to receive the correction, and the implied admission that the report is, in the main correct. We desire to discuss this and every question in full view of the "strong points" of our opponents.

San Francisco, Sept. 18th 1856.

The Editor of "the Pacific:"

Sir:—A copy of your issue of to-day was this morning placed in my hands, containing a report of my lecture on polygamy. Admiring the impartiality of your motive, "to give our own doctrine in our own words," permit me to correct one or two errors contained in that report.

Firt, in reply to "A bishop must have one wife," as a monogamic argument; I stated, by the law of moses, Deut. xxv, 4-10 verse, a Jew was compelled under certain penalties, to take his brother's wife, after his brothers death, he having no children. This law was never repealed by Jesus—this law was to be enforced, irrespective of whether the living brother were married or not; and a "bishop," if a Jew, might therefore, not only be *permitted*, but *compelled* to become a polygamist.

Second, the 27th and 28th lines of paragraph 2nd, the argument was not as stated; but, "it is destroying the scriptures to say that one part would bless Abraham for doing that which another part would condemn;" which I think is considerably different.

Third, "Joseph would ask for his mother Rachel,' 3d paragraph. This is incomplete and indefinite as an argument. Joseph would ask for Rachel, Reuben for Leah, Dan for Bilhah, Gad for Zilpah—and that either Jacob's paternal connection with his sons would be destroyed, or else, he must acknowledge his *four wives* in heaven.

Fourth, I did not state that Christ was married by God; but, that God administered the marriage ceremony to *Adam and Eve*; and according to Psalm xiv, and Rev. xix 7 9, Christ should be.

There are some other slight inaccuracies but these are the chief. It is not often that the "every where spoken against" Latter-day Saints meet with men who dare give their statements in their own words, but I am glad to find there is one editor sufficiently liberal. By giving insertion to the above corrections in your widely circulated columns, you will promote the object for which you write, the evolution of truth, and oblige yours respectfully,

J. Hyde, Jr.

"Oregon."—Your story is good, excellent. It will not spoil with keeping a week, nor have any the less interest then.

"The Spirit Bride," is marked for future insertion.

"How Ungenerous!"

I was sent for to visit a man who was dying with consumption. He was a stranger to me, and when I was seated by his side, and he had rallied strength to speak, he told me what he thought to be his religious condition. He was an educated man of strong mind, and simplicity of character. He hoped in the mercy of God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, although he had lived far from his service. He had sought to repent, and cast himself upon Christ, as his only refuge. In obedience to his divine invitation "come,"—he thought that he could trust himself to the Lord to be saved. To be sure, in this late hour of life, as its light was so near expiring, he could not do it without many misgivings,—for he could not help fearing that there was not that about his new character that would stand the test of a return to life and the temptations of the world.

Yet still, over all his fears there was a strong conviction of peace with God, and a steadiness of trust in him that could not be overcome. The fear of death was gone, and he thought he could see the smile of his Saviour awaiting him "beyond the river."

But when he turned his thoughts backward, and saw how he had passed his life, regardless of his Saviour, and without care for his honor or his service,—when, in view of all this life-scene of ingratitude, coldness, neglect, and sin, he found himself the recipient of such mercy in a dying hour, while there remained no days or years in which to testify his gratitude for this mercy, ———— at the very idea of accepting such an infinite gratuity of kindness, for which he had thrown away all opportunity of making any return, his eyes filled with tears, and he exclaimed with as much emphasis as he could, "Oh! how ungenerous! To accept so much now, when all power is gone to show even evidence of gratitude,—*Oh! how ungenerous!*"

Reader! if he could have spoken one word to you, before he left us, it would have been —receive Jesus Christ as your Saviour now, while you have opportunity to show some evidence of your gratitude for his great goodness.

My friend now lies in his grave. The business and care of this mortal life will disturb him no more. But I would spread before my fellow-men the persuasion of his dying hour, and urge them, as he longed to do, to commit their souls to Christ *now*, while life remains, in which to testify their gratitude for his abounding mercy.

W.

Editorial Correspondence.

Description of Folsom—the present terminus of the Sacramento Valley Railroad.

In all our wanderings through the State, we have seen no place more lovely for a home than this. We have chosen it; or rather Pleasant Valley, across the river from Folsom, as a home for ourselves and our children. Our more favored neighbor, Folsom, absorbs the public attention as yet, and is chiefly known abroad. As the terminus of the Sacramento Valley Railroad, it had like to have been built up under a speculative excitement to a size far beyond all demand for business.

As it was, in the contest between titles to land, of squatters, pre-emptors, and Spanish claimants, the zeal for building was moderated very fairly, and as a good result, the place is little larger than it should be. About forty families are living in the vicinity, and seem expecting to remain.

Society is not more than moderately good; but as the place is new, much allowance is to be made. Adventurous men who look to the chances, and who do not depend upon honest labor for an honest fortune, are the first to rush into a new locality—the *working* class, the bone and sinew of the country, come after. This process is going on steadily and surely, and a few years will see a great change in California.

A Reform Society, established by young men in opposition to gambling, a division of the Sons, and regular divine worship, are doing much for Folsom. The stores are kept open on the Sabbath, with one exception—that of a colored man. But little business is done here yet. Sacramento is too easily reached to allow of the establishment at this point of many wholesale houses, while the loading and reloading of goods is considered such an objection by many traders in the mountains, that they prefer having their stock hauled direct from Sacramento, rather than ship it by railroad. But when the rains come they will find it convenient to patronize the railroad. Nine stages arrive and depart from this point daily to meet the cars. Another advantage which Folsom has, is the great facility for water power which it possesses; and which by a little expense can be surpassed by none in the State. Three miles above the town, is the final junction of the forks of the American river; and one mile above is a fall of some ten or twelve feet, after which the water runs through a narrow gorge until opposite the town. On the north side for the whole distance, the old channel lies running on a level with the falls above; so that by draining the river just above the falls, a never failing supply of water could be had, and of great power.

One large flouring mill has already been erected by Messrs. Smith & Stockton, capable of turning out 100 barrels a day.

Another source of profit to Folsom, is the inexhaustible range of granite rock in the immediate vicinity. The Pioneer Quarry has been commenced by Mr. Blanchard, who has large contracts to fulfil with the U. S. Army Department, in supplying the works at Fort Point. This granite has been described to be equal with the Quincy granite in every respect, while it is superior in toughness, or the quality of bending without breaking. Ultimately hundreds or thousands may be employed in these quarries. Another source of business for Folsom, is extensive mining in the vicinity, though of only moderate returns. For six miles down the river mining extends, while above it is limited, only by the summits of the Sierras. Immediately adjoining, just removed from the noise and bustle of the town, but in full prospect of it all, on the Pleasant Valley side of the river, a large and convenient site is secured for the establishment of a good High School. The accessibility of the place from all parts, the beauty of the scenery, the healthiness of the locality, the freshness of its mountain breezes, and the purity of the water of the springs in the vicinity, and above all, its relation to the mining and mountain regions, make it a place most fit as the site of such an institution. And last, though not least, the fact that the place, with the assistance of the people in the surrounding region sympathizing with it, supports a good country and mountain newspaper, called *The Granite Journal*, a worthy visitor for every cabin or dwelling in the section of country it represents, is proof that in the grasp for gold, the people in the region are not wholly neglectful of the intellectual wants of man and of society.

S. V.

The semi-annual meeting of the Presbytery of California, will be attended at the lecture room of Calvary Church on the evening of the first Tuesday of October, commencing at seven and a half o'clock. Opening sermon by the moderator. Fred. Buell, Stated Clerk.

Ecclesiastical.—The Meetings of Presbytery and Association will be held in this city: the Presbytery commencing on the 7th, and Association on the 8th of Oct. next.

Alpha on the Old School.

Rev. Editor Pacific:

Dear Sir:—Your *anonymous* correspondent, "Alpha," still insists on hiding himself in the dark while making his attacks on me and the church to which I have the honor to belong. Your last number contains *two* broadsides from his *masked* battery. My wife and children, at least, will, I think, be grateful to learn from him that he does not intend to make me a "martyr" at present. I have been told that "editors" and "anonymous writers," like some other good people, will always have the *last word* in a quarrel. Very well: my last words as to myself shall be few. I have not a doubt but that every high minded man will think as I do—that honor and christianity, both, call for "Alpha" to throw off his mask and show his face. As to the Old School Presbyterian Church, notwithstanding the prowess and *threatenings* of "Alpha," alias Rev.———, (see last of his letter on your second page,) I venture to repeat my letter to the *Sun*, on the points in hand.

"Nor do I believe that there is any body of men in America who are more grieved by Mr. Beecher's course than the clergymen of the Old School Presbyterian Church. There is no body of men in the country more free from isms, factions, and party strife, than they are: nor any body of men more truly Catholic in their spirit, or that will more stoutly oppose anything like a review of Church and State. Politics are not heard in their pulpits. "So strictly do they keep Cæsar out of the church that the floors of their highest judicatures are not even troubled with sectional or fanatical agitators. This church is not divided by any sectional lines. She knows no North, no South, no "higher law." "She takes the Constitution of the United States, as it is, and the States as they are. She makes the Bible as it is, without the traditions of elders or priests or rabbies the only rule of faith. She teaches that 'God alone is Lord of the conscience.'"— [My letter to the *Sun*.]

1st. Now, has "Alpha" shown that one "jot or tittle" of this is not true? Certainly not; and for the life of me, I do not see why he has raised such a tempest in a tea-pot. If I had said that the clergymen of my denomination were *superior* to all others—or *more free* from isms, factions and party strife, or *more* catholic in their spirit, or *more* opposed to "a union of church and State" than the clergy of any other denomination, then the anonymous writer tribe might have been justly offended. But I did not say any such thing. I only ventured to say they were *as good as any others.*— This is all: and does *Alpha* offer any proof to the contrary? Not a syllable.

2nd. Alpha is certainly mistaken as to the principal subject of my letter to the *Sun*. The heading of the article in the *Sun* was "Church and State;" and in the article itself, and the correspondence that followed, the main subject was "politics in the pulpit." The principal subject was not slavery. If it was alluded to at all, it was only by inference. It is well known that many isms and ologies and secular excitements are distracting our country. In your last *Pacific*, you published a "warning against political and other secular excitements" from the minutes of our Assembly. The main points most clearly which I wished to have placed in their true light, were those as to which the *Sun* had brought charges against Presbyterians. In this matter, as also in regard to myself in this whole correspondence, I have confined myself to repelling attacks. The issue forced by *Alpha* is altogether one of his own making. Nor can I perceive what points he he wishes to make. He seemes to me to be fighting wind mills and charging castles of his own construction, all the time. The issue he presents is one I have not said a word about. Nor does he present it fairly. My statement is,—"That there *is* no body of men in the country more free from isms, factions and party-strife,"—and "that the floors of their highest judicatures are not even troubled with sectional or fanatical agitators." Does Alpha deny this? Not a word. He goes back to 1818, and produces at length the action of the General Assembly on slavery. I was speaking of the present, 1856—he was back to 1818. I was speaking of the freedom of our General Assembly from all agitations connected with politics and sectional issues—not of what the General Assembly had said nearly forty years ago, nor of what dstinguished men have written about slavery. But I have not the slightest objection to his publishing all the acts and doings of the Presbyterian Church. I am well aware she has much to gain as her history becomes to be more fully understood. And the sooner and the more fully her true position is understood, the more clearly will it be seen that she is indeed far removed from isms, ologies, heresies, factions and politics in her pulpits. I will therefore, help "Alpha" to some of the doings of the General Assembly. In 1836, her deliverance on the subject, as our Scottish bretheren phrase it, was: "Inasmuch as the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church in its preliminary and fundamental principles, declares that no church judicatory ought to make laws to bind the conscience in virtue of their own authority," &c. "Wherefore resolved, that this whole subject be indefinitely postponed." In 1845, the principles of the Church were fully developed by the Assembly, and its action made final.

The following is the action of 1845, taken from the minutes, p. p. 16–17–18:

"The question which is now unhappily agitating and dividing other branches of the church, and which is pressed upon the attention of the Assembly by one of the three classes of memorialists just named, is, whether the holding of slaves is, under all circumstances, a heinous sin, calling for the discipline of the church.

The church of Christ is a spiritual body, whose jurisdictions extends only to the religious faith, and moral conduct of her members. She can not legislate where Christ has not legislated, or make terms of membership which he has not made. The question, therefore, which this Assembly is called upon to decide, is this: Do the Scriptures teach that the holding of slaves, without regard to circumstances, is a sin, the renunciation of which should be made a condition of membership in the church of Christ.

It is impossible to answer this question in the affirmative, without contradicting some of the plainest declarations of the word of God.— That slavery existed in the days of Christ and his apostles, is an admitted fact. That they did not denounce the relation itself as sinful, as inconsistent with Christianity; that slaveholders were admitted to membership in the churches organized by the Apostles; that whilst they are required to treat their slaves with kindness, and as rational, accountable, immortal beings, and if Christians, as brethren in the Lord, they were not commanded to emancipate them; that slaves were required to be "obedient to their masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, with singleness of heart as unto Christ," are facts which meet the eye of every reader of the New Testament. This Assembly cannot, therefore, denounce the holding of slaves as necessarily a heinous and scandalous sin, calculated to bring upon the church the curse of God, witout charging the Apostles of Christ with conniving at such sin, introducing into the church such sinners, and thus bringing upon them the curse of the Almighty.

In so saying, however, the Assembly are not to be understood as denying that there is evil connected with slavery. Much less do they approve those defective and oppressive laws by which, in some of the States, it is regulated. Nor would they by any means countenance the traffic in slaves for the sake of gain; the separation of husbands and wives, parents and children, for the sake of "filthy lucre" or for the convenience of the master; or cruel treatment of slaves in any respect. Every Christian and philanthropist certainly should seek by all lawful and peaceable means the repeal of unjust and oppressive laws, and the amendment of such as are defective, so as to protect the slaves from cruel treatment by wicked men, and to cure to them the right to receive religious instruction.

Nor is this Assembly to be understood as countenancing the idea that masters may regard their servants as *mere property*, and not as human beings, rational, accountable, immortal. The Scriptures prescribe not only the duties of servants, but of masters also, warning the latter to discharge those duties, "knowing that their master is in heaven, neither is there respect of persons with him.

The Assembly intend simply to say, that since Christ and his inspired Apostles did not make the holding of slaves a bar to communion —we, as a court of Christ, have no authority to do so; since they did not attempt to remove it from the Church by legislation, we have no authority to legislate on the subject. We feel constrained, further to say, that however, desirable it may be to ameliorate the condition of the slaves in the Southern and Western States, or to remove slavery from our country, these objects we are fully persuaded can never be secured by ecclesiastical legislation. Much less can they be attained by those indiscriminate denunciations against slaveholders, without regard to their character or circumstances, which have to so great an extent, characterized the movements of modern abolitionists which, so far from removing the evils complained of, tend only to perpetuate and aggravate them.

The apostles of Christ sought to emeliorate the condition of slaves, not by denouncing and ex-communicating their masters, but by teaching both masters and slaves the glorious doctrines of the gospel, and enjoining upon each the discharge of their relative duties. Thus only can the church of Christ, as such, now improve the condition of the slaves in our country.

As to the extent of the evils involved in slavery and the best methods of removing them, various opinions prevail, and neither the Scripture nor our constitution authorize this body to prescribe any particular course to be pursued by the churches under our care. The Assembly cannot but rejoice, however, to learn that the ministers and churches in the slave-holding States are awaking to a deeper sense of their obligation to extend to the slave population generally the means of grace, and many slave-holders—not professedly religious favor this object. We earnestly exhort them to abound more and more in this good work.— We would exhort every believing master to remember that his Master is also in Heaven, and in view of all the circumstances in which he is placed, to act in the spirit of the golden rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even the same to them."

In view of the above stated principles and facts—

Resolved, 1st. That the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States was originally organized, and has since continued the bond of union in the Church upon the conceded principle that the existence of domestic slavery, under the circumstances in which it is found in the southern portion of the country is no bar to Christian communion.

2d. That the petitions that ask the Assembly to make the holding of slaves in itself a matter of discipline, do virtually require this judicatory to dissolve itself, and abandon the organization under which, by the Divine blessing, it has so long prospered. The tendency is evidently to separate the northern from the southern portion of the Church; a result which every good citizen must deplore as tending to the dissolution of the union of our beloved country, and which every enlightened Christian will oppose as bringing about a ruinous and unnecessary schism between brethren who maintain a common faith.

In 1850, an attempt was made to agitate the Church again on the subject, when it was resolved: "That the previous and repeated declarations of the General Assembly upon the subject of American slavery, are such as to render any action upon the above overture and memorial unnecessary." *And the subject has not been before the Assembly since.* From these documents it is clear—

1. That the Presbyterian Church has, in a becoming manner, given her testimony on the subject of slavery, as she has in regard to missions, education, duelling and political excitements. And that it is true, that her "floors are not troubled with sectional or fanatical agitators." Can "Alpha" say this of his Church?

2. It is true that the "Presbyterian Church is not divided by any sectional lines. She knows no north, no south, "no higher law." She preaches the Gospel alike to both master and slave, as the Apostles did. By the blessing of God on her superior organization, and on the wisdom of her counsellors, she yet remains firm in her high conservative attitude, and united in principle and feeling. Her policy has given great satisfaction to the Southern States as well as to her members in the Northern. By reason of her conservative position, she has been cut off from correspondence with other churches, both in this country and in Europe. And if *Alpha* desires to continue these publications, and it is your will to do so, I am prepared to furnish you with the pastoral letters of the Assembly on the subject: also, their letters to New England Churches and to the General Assembly of Scotland, and of Ireland, and the expositon of the Princeton Review, and the speeches of Drs. Rice and McGill, and of the Congregational ministers at the late "Rhode Island Consociation," especially of the *Rev. Mr. Thayer* of Newport.

3. As to Drs. Breckenridge, Young and Hodge, they are high in the confidence of Christendom, as learned, able, and gooly men. There is no need of a word in their defence. "Alpha" has not shown that either of them has ever said that "the Sharpe rifle was truly a a moral agency, and that there was more moral power in one of those instruments, so far as the slaveholders of Kansas were concerned, than in a hundred Bibles." "Alpha" has not shown that these eminent men are guilty of preaching disunion, treason, isms, faction, party spirit or politics in the pulpit. As "God alone is Lord of the conscience," so they are free to hold whatever sentiments they may believe to be true, and as they are truly brave and bold men, they utter their sentiments without being ashamed of their names. Nor have I never heard that they had *subscribed rifles for Kansas*. But I have heard them preach Christ and Him crucified, with great power.

Yours, respectfully, &c.,
W. A. Scott.

Study of Calvary Presbyterian Church, 20th September, 1856.

Rev. Mr. Speer arrived on Sabbath last from the Sandwich Islands, whither he went for health.

Sayings of Little Ones.

The children—bless their guileless hearts! —are too deep for the deepest of us. Having adopted no formulas of faith, their notions of theology at times both startle and amuse the elder listener.

The other day a rosy-cheeked little girl just on the verge of four, was sitting on the floor in the midst of a variety of playthings, and giving expressions of her happiness in little snatches of childish song, when suddenly she looked toward her mother and said:—"If the Lord were here I would kiss him." Then, after musing a moment, she added, "Is he a real pretty man?" After another slight pause she asked, with sudden interest, "Where's his house? Does he keep little children?" The mother could not explain to the child where the Lord's house was, but she assured her darling that He did indeed love little children much more than father or mother could.

Here is another hard one, answered better than most parents answer their children:

Beautiful Answer.—Those who have had much intercourse with children, cannot fail to have remarked with what simplicity they frequently put questions, which even those of maturer years and extensive knowledge are puzzled how to answer. The following is one of those questions with an admirable answer. A child said to his parent, "Father, where does God get the color to make cherries so beautifully red," "My child," says the father, "I will tell you as soon as I have been informed how he tinged all the leaves with so beautiful a green."

The Gamblers.—The police have commenced vigorous measures against the gamblers.

Church Report.

Sunday morning, the Rev. Mr. Banister the pastor of the Powel-street M. E. Church preached from Eccl. 12th ch. 1st vs., a sermon appropriate to youth, but which we doubt not was listened to with profit by the congregation generally.

Mr. Banister commenced by saying: "This book, (Ecclesiastes,) is supposed to have been written by Solomon, after his repentance of idolatry and other sins. Solomon was pre-eminent for his wisdom, distinguished for his power, and prepared by experience to teach the young. When we consider him as having been moved by the Holy Spirit, his words may be regarded as mandates of heaven.

"Religion is generally considered as necessary for another life, but to be thrust aside in this. Many regard it as something that is gloomy, with a tendency to sadness, and so devoid of attractive qualities; but, on the contrary, it will produce joy and gladness. It is furthermore, a necessity, as important in this life as in any other. I need not tell these children and youth, that good character is the first requisite to success in life. To secure this, children should be impressed of the greatness of God, of his omnipresence: that he is unchangeable, holy—of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, infinite, incomprehensible. Children should be taught that they cannot fully comprehend Infinity, lest in their investgations they be pufied up with pride. To obtain a proper knowledge of God, it is requisite that he be studied in the light of Calvary; to see what a sacrifice was made for the ends of justice. Then they will perceive the love and goodness of God as they cannot be learned from His works. They must look upon Christ not as compelled to offer himself, but as a willing sacrifice—as God manifest in the flesh. It is God himself undertaking in himself the great work of redemption. In Christ they will see love, truth, and justice delightfully blended.

To remember God, is to keep his commandments. It comprehends true worship; the exercise of faith and prayer. Can the youth study the attributes of God without having his mind improved? Impossible. If it fail of full comprehension, will it not be improved by the effort? Study of the attributes of God, will subdue the evil of our nature. This study is necessary to enable you "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God."

Errors are abroad in regard to God, to man, and his relations to God, and to redemption; and, if these errors be embraced, they will bring evil upon the soul forever, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." Remember your Creator in your youth, and you will be fortified against error. Sin is progressive. Every successive indulgence in sin increases the habit until the subject is lost in a labyrinth, without a thread with which to trace his way back. Beware of sinful habits. But how can they be avoided? Remember thy Creator. The voice of Wisdom is, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early, shall find me." Obey now and you will find that wisdom's ways "are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." How strange the delusion of Satan that religion is gloomy, and that it is not to be desired in this life. The joys of Heaven and earth are the same in kind; they differ only in degree. If the joys of devotion are desirable at all, they are so to-day.

C.

The last Development.

We publish in another column, a letter of a most important character. It sets forth another conspiracy against human liberty. It is another scene in the course of calamitous events dating from the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, an act of bad faith, against which three thousand clergymen of New England uttered a solemn prosest. And had we born the honor of being a clergyman of New England, we would have united in that protest. The sovereignty of the government over the territories which it sends men to govern, which it purchases by the common wealth or acquires by the united arms of the country, we regard as a prinbiple sanctioned both by common sense and by all precedent. The doctrine of squatter sovereignty is a ficton of propagandists, and its fruits are the scenes of violence witnessed in Congress, and in unhappy Kansas. It is a new doctrine, unknown to our fathers, seized upon by politicians for their own base and personal ends.

Nothing is more clear than that it was believed and intended by our fathers, that slavery should be confined to its original limits. It was regarded as an evil, for which the whole country was first responsible, and England more than all. It was never dreamed that it would become a political power to control the legislation of the nation. It was never thought that its roots would push themselves out and draw nourishment from either ocean, and its giant branches rise to darken all the land.

In our earlier knowledge of public affairs, our instincts were as strongly set against indiscriminate denunciations of slavery as they were against the enslaving of men. They are yet. Where slavery exists, let its own citizens legislate for it. Let them rid themselves of what the great majority of them pronounce an evil. We have sympathy for them in their position. But we do not believe in the honesty of those politicians, who for the aggrandizement, not of the South, but of themselves, will break down every ancient, sacred barrier, and carry a system confessed by evil to other territory. Here we have only opposed such designs as we saw apparent at times to make this a Slave State: never offended the honest convictions of any man concerning slavery as it elsewhere exists.

But now the war is again brought to our doors. It is designed to make Oregon a slave State, and then to try once more to make California such. Not all Southern men—only *politicians*—are privy to it. The source of this information renders it perfectly reliable. It comes from a gentleman who has nothing to do with politics, who is now in Oregon, and who has derived his information from accurate reports from every part of the territory. We vouch for its entire accuracy, and we invite every honest Southerner—honest in his professions, not to desire to extend slavery for political ends—and every freeman, to peruse it.

Disclosures of a Liquor-dealer.

Mr. Delavan, President of the New York State Temperance Society, in his recent address in the capitol in Albany, dwelt mainly on the now prevalent *adulteration of liquors.*

"Within a few weeks," he said, "it has come to my knowledge, that a person whose conscience revolted at his employment, in a large liquor establishment, has left it for a more innocent and creditable business. He stated that it now only took ten, some say four, gallons of pure whiskey to make a barrel of the whiskey of commerce. To these are added rain-water, camphene and arsnic; the latter to restore the bead destroyed by the water. He stated also, that brandy made to imitate the real French brandy, and of materials of the most poisonous character, was sold at $4 a gallon, costing only 22 cents. That all kinds of wines were imitated so closely that the best judges could not discriminate; costing but a trifle, and sold at prices to suit customers. The higher the standing of the customer, and the more particular as to his wines, the higher the price to satisfy him as to quality. The most celebrated brands were made use of, and the names of the most celebrated European dealers given as the source of supply; and European dealers, be it known, are not much behind, but much in advance of the American trader, in their adulterations."

He quotes an advertisement from a chemist in New York, who is "now prepared to furnish the *flavorings for every kind of liquors*, and the Cognac brandy, etc., etc., is produced."

Postponement of the Werth Trial.

Query? Why should Justice Smith, of the Court of Sessions, decline to sit on the case of *Werth, Maynard & Co.*, after *distinctly* stating to the Court that he was in no way prejudiced against the defendants? It looks too much like a lack of decision of character, at least, for a *Justice of the Peace*. We are of the decided opinion, that this case has been too long tampered with. A public indignity was given, when the assault was made, and why should the punishment due, be so long deferred?

The case of Werth has been postponed. Judge Freelon was to have tried it along with Justices Chamberlain and Smith. The latter declined to serve, after averring that he had no prejudice against the defendants, and could try the case fairly. In consequence of this, the trial is deferred.

Whoever may be at fault, this, taken in connection with the past, looks very much as if somebody was unwilling to take the responsibility of trying this case, and either acquitting or convicting the defendents. The farther it is removed from the indignation which it first caused in the community, and from the work of the Vigilance Committee, the more chance there may be of entire acquittal. It may be intended to carry the case beyond the election. It was an aggravated instance. It occurred months ago. The city was indignant about it. Even Charley Duane, the banished outlaw, obeyed his better, braver instincts, rescued the assaulted man from murderous blows, not daunted by the pistol that was held before him.

Often we have heard it said of this case, as well as of the murder of Richardson, "had justice been done, then Mr. King would not have been shot." Upon this one case, may have pivoted all the scenes of the last few months. It was an act of wrong, unpunished. It was an attempt to muzzle free speech, and the courts would have it so. It was an attack upon an editor for doing what he believed to be his duty, and tardy justice, grown leer-eyed, looked on with complacency. Every one was indignant. The press spoke out; and on the street could be heard only the reverberation of the voice of the *Bulletin*—"It was a cowardly, murderous deed." But punishment came not, and more venturesome, confident of rescue, Casey committed a like infamous, cowardly deed, and the Vigilance Committee, and vengeance long slumbering, came next. And now, the same case has come around again. Will the community lose sight of it? May the courts by any pretence hide it away?

The Sisters and the Hospital.

We publish below by request, a statement prepared by the Secretary of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society. This is a society of ladies, who, though having the ties and duties of home to detain and engage them, are constant, unwearied, and self-sacrificing, in their efforts to relieve the suffering which they may find around them. They have never rejected any application which they thought worthy. They have been governed by no sectarian motives. Almost three-fourths of those whom they have aided, have been foreigners—mostly Catholics. They have made their appeal to the public frequently, and have met a moderate response. It is difficult to analyze the motives which influence men in works of seeming benevolence. While this association in a Protestant community receives scanty assistance, all which is devoted to the relief of want, the Sisters of Mercy, or the Sisters of Charity have but to open a bazaar, and they receive their thousands, not to relieve want alone, but to erect buildings which belong to their church. The complaint is, not that the Catholic Sisters are made the almoners of the bounty of our Protestant citizens—but, that the funds asked in the name of charity and bestowed as such, are largely used for the accumulation of church revenues, while the needy, suffering poor, are turned away, or thrown almost alone upon those who are not favored with such munificent public donations, but who gain the power of bestowing the relief they seek to give by hard and thankless efforts. We are certain that their statements proceed from no feelings of rivalry: they would rejoice if only all the Catholics that come to them in suffering were relieved by those who are so bountifully supplied with funds designed for this purpose. But as a matter of public justice, they develop the facts which have come within their observation, and for the truth of which they vouch. If by the publication of these facts, they who are entrusted with funds shall dispense them henceforth in accordance with public expectation, a good object will have been accomplished.

If, instead of dispensing charities committed to them by thousands, these "Sisters" are purchasing property and investing it for the church, *to the neglect* of the former great object, then certainly the public ought to know it. Nor is it these. These organizations include many noble women, sincerely devoted to the work of doing good. But they may be used as the agents of a hierarchy whose growth, is like the upas tree in every land. Of the Hospital, we have more to say ourselves. Attention should be called to these public institutions just as much when a class of men has charge of them as though an individual were alone responsible. Of course not every officer, or every physician is responsible, perhaps not any one in particular. It may grow out of the bad system of entrusting a public charity to a particular sect. We make no war upon that sect. We seek no controversy. But when abuses of public trust are credibly reported to us, in any quarter, we will not hesitate a moment to expose them, even though we run the risk of seeming uncharitableness. But this virtue of charity, or rather of justice, we will show; retraction of any error into which we may chance to be misled.

Misapplied Funds.

The Ladies' Bazaar in aid of the Sisters of Mercy has closed, and, successfully patronized, thousands of dollars are added to their fund. Do Protestants sufficiently consider what they are doing in so liberally aiding the Catholic enterprizes of our city? The true spirit of benevolence, I am aware, should not be limited to sect or creed, but be liberally diffused, upon *worthy objects*, as the genial sunlight and refreshing showers of Providence are dispensed to all. But when organized bodies, with sectarian principles, and charitable aims, solicit our aid, it is our duty to weigh carefully how far we can consistently aid them. And we have a right to inquire, if the funds given by the public are faithfully expended in alleviating distress and want. A public association for any object is but a trustee and dispenser of the money of its patrons, and far be it from me to oppose the patronage of a Catholic institution as such, simply on the ground of sect; but, in the present case, I believe there is a gross perversion in the outlay of the money from the objects that are set forth to the public. The late appeal of the Sisters commends itself to every liberal mind, for its broad philanthropy and ennobling aims and principles, and many have given to them, that those great aims might be more successfully carried out. It is a delicate and painful matter to question the practice of so powerful an organization, but so many facts have been forced upon our notice where aid was refused to worthy Catholics, by the Sisters, after importunate solicitations and frequent and reiterated promises to aid, that we feel called upon to speak out and inquire how are these large funds expended?

Are Protestants willing to aid in the erection of magnificent buildings, to be owned by Catholics, and consecrated to their own purposes, regardless of their professed aims? Is the public willing to be humbugged by the management of the City Hospital? The late Mr. King commenced an expose of that matter, that should have been followed up, until the eyes of all were opened to their enormous abuses. Facts are constantly being brought to view that prove the existence of evils in the management of that establishment, that call loudly for reform. Justice demands, that such evils be exposed and removed. Shall the management of a *public* institution be given any one, who will refuse patients who will not pay them, or oblige them to submit to privations of *common* comfort, that they have a right to expect even in a hospital? A poor, but worthy woman, lately died in our city, after a lingering and painful sickness. She had been very industrious in health, and contributed largely to the support of her family, consisting of a husband and two children. Her means were soon expended in her tedious illness, the husband being obliged to take care of her part of the time, as they had no money to procure a nurse. They were reduced to extreme want, yet complained not. The late employer of the sick woman, at length discovered her state, and most generously sustained the family and interested others in her behalf; but, her long continued suffering, joined with the fact that she spoke a foreign tongue, made it difficult to do all for her that she needed for comfort, and after months of care, it was thought best to apply to the Sisters, as the family were all good Catholics. Now, mark well the reply, those who have read the announcement, in the appeal, of "a gratuitous care of the sick at their own homes." They most generously offered to take care of her for $30 a month! Remember, the woman had been cared for by others *for months*. They, furthermore, promised to go and see the poor woman; but weeks passed, and no visit was made. Another application was made, and Catholic ladies of high standing made acquainted with the facts, to further insure success. Again, promises were made to visit, apologies offered for neglect, and assurunces of a speedy attention to the case emphatically spoken; but the poor woman died, after *months* of suffering, without one visit from one of them, sustained by the private charity of a few ladies and the Ladies' Relief Society.

Another case might be adduced, aye, several, where applications for admission to the Hospital had been met with demands *for pay* from the individuals. A poor man lately died in our midst, leaving a destitute wife, about to become a mother. As she was a good Catholic, she was advised to go to the *Hospital* to remain during her sickness. *She did go*, but remained but a few days. Her treatment was such, that she exclaimed to them, that Mr. King had not *told half* the story, and upon threatening exposure, was told that she was *not a good Catholic.* Numerous instances of persons in want, who say that they will die in the street, rather than enter the Hospital from the knowledge they have of its management in the treatment of friends are known to us, but enough that it is so, that these are facts that can be proved by highly respectable persons. Persons in want frequently apply to me, who say that they have been refused aid from the *Sisters*, though destitute and good Catholics, on the plea, "that they were in debt," "that they lived on charity themselves." Visits have been refused to a fallen sister, in a trying hour, on the plea, that the *purity* of the "Sisters" would be tarnished by personal contact with the poor creature, and though good Catholics, sympathy and aid in time of desertion and sickness was afforded them by us. Is this in keeping with the proposed course of conduct laid down in that eloquent appeal? How are the thousands expended that have been poured upon these Sisters. "Is not that brick building, intended for the Sisters of Presentation, beautiful? And it is almost all paid for!" said a good Catholic lady. Yea, with funds, I believe, that were given with the expectation of relieving *want*. Committees have been lately appointed to solicit aid in the different wards of our city, for carrying forward their plan, and I feel it to be a duty to call upon Protestants, to pause and consider well their duty in the matter. The abuses in the *City Hospital*, is a subject that all have a right to enquire into, and I ask such an investigation as shall lead to a restoration of the original intention in the establishment of such an institution: a retreat for the poor in sickness. Surely, in a country like this, where friends are far distant, where suffering is greatly aggravated, such a provision should be made doubly comfortable, and the *public* are faithless to their duty, in passively submitting to such perversions as lead persons in extreme want to utterly refuse to avail themselves of this public institution of benevolence.

By request. F. A. M. Baldwin,
Agent Ladies' Protection and Relief Society.

[Here is something for the Choir of the 1st Congregational Church. They are able to stand criticism, and so we give the article without softening or mitigation.]

Editors Pacific:—Will you please call the attention of the Choir in the 1st Congregational Church to the following directions on page 6 and 7 of the Hymn-book used in that Church:

1. Remember that singing in a religious assembly is not of the nature of a musical exhibition, but is a serious and important part of the worship of God.

2. Remember that the words sung *are not for the time, but the time for the words.* The time therefore should be selected not for its novelty, nor for the sake of showing how well you can perform its different passages, nor even for its intrinsic beauty, considered merely as a piece of music; but simply because in that tune, the words can be fitly and expressively altered.

4. Many favorite Psalms and Hyms are associated by use with favorite tunes. Where such associations exist, they should *not* be broken up without some strong reason. On the contrary it deserves consideration, whether devotion would not be promoted, if every Psalm and Hymn in the book were thus associated, in the minds of the congregation, with some particular time. There is no harm in singing the same tune twice, etc.

From the above, Mr. Editors, and other passages in the direction not quoted, you would suppose that the Congregation was expected to join the Choir in praising the Lord, at least, such was my presumption. Judge therefore of my surprise, when I Sunday after Sunday see the Congregation listlessly listen to the performances of the Choir. Whether this should be charged to the Choir for selecting tunes not familiar as the Congregation (in direct opposition to the advice of the compiler of their own hymn-book,) or whether to the Congregation for tastily arresting, that the Choir bestows songs of praise enough, without their assistance, I do not pretend say.

It is generally held by all evangelical denominations, that singing should be an art of united worship by the whole Congregation. Every humble follower of Christ is in my opinion expected to join in the praises of the Lord; and much, if not every thing that is novel and beautiful in music should be sacrificed to this end, if it cannot be gained otherwise.

Perhaps you can prove my position an incorrect one, or suggest some means that will induce that Congregation *to yield to the Lord their need of praise* to which he is entitled.

Choir.

Life.

There is in man's short earthly career, some thing which is beautifully sad; for in the morning he is buoyant, he is filled with high hopes and extravagant anticipations; at mid-day, he is thoughtful; at mid-night, the waning point of life, he is sad and repentant; he is in a state of suspense, anxiously awaiting the summons of the stern messenger death! who is to reveal to him the mysteries of eternity, the hopes and fears with which his mind has been clouded, will pass away, and no longer will the imagination be tried, for eternity, in all its beauty, will become a pleasing reality, and God, his creator, seen as he is, the great I AM!

W.

Painful.—The eldest daughter of Mr. C. L. North, recently went to the Sandwich Islands, in care of a friend, for her health. For a short time she improved, but her symptoms changing her course was turned homeward. She died, five days out from Honolulu, on board the Yankee. Rev. Mr. Speer was also a passenger and was with her at the time of her death. The news of the event was exceedingly painful, as scarcely any fears of immediate danger had been indulged.

The McDonough Estate.—The income of this contested estate is about $55,000 per annum, and the expense $28,000; taxes 29,000 more.

When McDonough died, (five years ago) it was worth $5,000,000. Now, only $2,270,000. Over $250,000 have been spent in litigation; over $100,000 in charges and commissions; over $500,000 lost in interest and delays; over $500,000 lost in decay and pillage and depreciation. And all this time not one dollar of charity has been expended. And the end is not yet; three suits are now pending against the estate, each involving a large sum, and now burdens of expense. In view of all this, we would say to all having money, be benevolent in your life-time. Make your will as nearly as you can in favor of your legal heirs, trusting them to follow in your good example of benevolence.

Horse Morals.

A day or two ago, I chanced to look out of the window, and there, on Fremont street, not far distant, was a scene which riveted my attention. I was curious to see how it would end—who would conquer.

A fine spirited horse was attached to a stylish grocery wagon: the animal was stubborn, wonderfully so, and very much resembled what we often see in the human race. Several men were around him; they tried various means to move him; one tugged at the wheel, another pushed the wagon, a third seized the bridle and endeavored to jerk him, when a fourth mounted the wagon, held the reins and applied the whip vigorously and continuously. This failed, and finally severe kicking was resorted to. Still the animal would not move, except to stamp furiously with his front feet. The patience and good nature of the men had long since given way, and nothing was effected.

Just here, a *woman*, who, for some time had been watching the party, volunteered *her* aid. Putting down the child, which she held in her arms, she went boldly to the horse, seized the bridle, and endeavored to draw him along. This not answering the purpose, she tried a new plan. She gently stroked Dobbin, patted him softly, and probably (though I cannot be certain of this, from my distance,) spoke kindly and soothingly to him. Her treatment acted like a charm. He started off instantly, and until out of sight, there was no more baulking.

Well, thought I, that's just like me. A word of kindness and gentle coaxing, can always subdue my stubborn feelings. Horses are just like us in many respects.

The kicking and beating of these useful animals, is too common in our streets. I believe that the brute creatures are influenced by the character of their owners. If a horse has really fallen into vicious habits, and become totally depraved, the best way is first to gain his *affection* (!) show him what you want, and then let him have his own way.

For instance, I once heard of a horse which had a habit of running close by the side of a fence (on a country road,) so as to graze the riders leg considerably. The plan of the owner was to *keep* him near the fence, instead of jerking him out into the road again. He *had* to keep where his own obstinacy had led him, until he felt that he was now obeying *another's* will instead of his own.

I trust the riders of horses will make the experiment of gentle and kind treatment before they resort to the cruelties now so commonly practised. Horses have *their rights* as well as man, and I am not ashamed to "plead for the *dumb*."

Edith.

A Week in the Country.

(From a Lady Correspondent.)

Mr. Editor:—Determined for a time to leave the windy, dusty city, we (a friend and myself) wended our way to a snug little steamer lying at the wharf. The steam was already up, and we soon lost sight of the bay city. Many of the passengers were, if we might judge from the conversation, *en route* for Napa Springs.

For a time, we amused ourselves with looking over the fashionable plates in Godey's last, which we purchased of a squint eyed, rugged urchin, who was elbowing his way among the crowd. By the way, the fashions for this month are very convenient. I soon discovered that I could cut over a three year old dress and make it just as good as new. Regretted I did not bring it with me, for I learned by listening a few moments to the conversation of the ladies that it was necessary to change raiment three times a day at the Springs. "What a dreadful dirty place *them Springs* must be," said my companion; "I reckon its no use for us to go there." I looked at my wardrobe which was tied up in a bran new bandanna by my side and almost concluded to spend my two bits some where else, when my friend suggested that we should wear our traveling dresses in the morning, our French prints for dinner, and turn them wrong side out for evening. I hesitated, for they were the best kind of calico, well stamped through, and I feared we might be detected, but she said she had known the *most respectable* gentlemen in San Francisco to turn their coats as often as once a day, and insisted that there was no impropriety in ladies turning their dresses than gentlemen their coats. Well, the matter of dress, the most important of all, was thus settled to our satisfaction, and our attention was directed for a time to a *mingled mass* of hair and mustaches, recounting strange adventures to one of the male species near by.

By the aid of the frames to our lorynette (for the glass had unluckily dropped out,) we discovered that there was a man behind this superabundance of hair, a *real live* man, and no grizzly about him.

This wonderful specimen of humanity was a *lady killer*. He had, to use his own expression, broken the hearts of many of the softer sex whom fortune had thrown in his way and yet he was a bachelor.

He had a very quiet, pleasant way of passing his hand over the hair on his face. When he did so, the extreme end of his nose was visible as also his eyes, which were black and *well set* in his head. The mustaches and the man that belonged to them disappeared at the first landing, and we heard no more of heart breaking or love making

The bell sounded and we were again on our winding way. The short bends in the river allowed us to proceed but slowly, and gave us time to drink in the beauties of this yet almost uncultivated country.

We arrived in good time at Napa city, and saw the well filled coaches whirl away at a rapid rate for the Springs. We declined going ourselves for a carriage with spirited horses, and a crack driver was in waiting to take us to Green Valley. The road was in excellent order, and the air soft and balmy. Rows of evergreen oak lined the roadside, making a cool and refreshing shade, which was delightful and appreciated by us who had not for two long years seen a tree. I will speak of the valleys in another communication.

L. S. D. S.

GREEN VALLEY.

Green Valley lies between Napa and Suisun, and though farther from the landing than Napa Valley, is, in many respects, preferable to it. It seemed, as we rode through it for the first time, a paradise fresh from the hands of its Maker. Man has not yet marred the beauty of the scenery. Here and there a white cottage peeps from among the oak trees, which grow to an astonishing size. In shape, they resemble the elm, which is so common in the New England States. They grow in clumps, and there are several different kinds in the valley. Peach orchards and vineyards are numerous, and look thrfty. Fruit is, at present, plenty in the valley.

We have chickens, fresh eggs and vegetables of all kinds. Game is plenty, and we have, now and then, a quail pie by way of variety, which I need not tell you is very acceptable, after having lived on stale meats and withered vegetables, for two years, in the city. And then the fresh milk, which is as plenty as Saucelito water is in San Francisco, and not so dear; and the cream, which we take on our fruit and in our coffee!—But it is of no use making your mouths water by telling you about it, when you can't have any *down there.*

Horses are plenty here, and we ride every day. One gentleman, in this place, has enough to furnish the *wagon-road* to *cross* the plains, and change as often as you like. Now is the time for you that want a *wagon-road* to strike up a bargain with him.

It is a fine ride over the mountains from Napa City to Green Valley, for the daring Sacramento river, the plains, and the distant snow-capt summits of the Sierras, are visible from the top of the mountain. You turn, and Napa City, the valley and the winding creek, lay in all their loveliness before you.

A little accident occurred yesterday, while coming down the mountain. Our party who had been to escort a lady over were returning, when a spirited horse took fright and threw himself down a steep ledge on the mountain side, and was killed at the bottom. The bridle broke, and the rider, an expert horseman, just saved himself. The lady who was with him was also thrown, fortunately for her, on the uphill side of the chasm. No lives were lost, except poor Eagle's: like the gallant grey of Fitz James, he is to-day food for the birds of the mountain.

My week has already expired, yet I am not ready to leave this beautiful place. The winds and fogs of San Francisco are more distasteful to me than ever, and I doubt not my visit will lengthen into a month ere I shall be ready and willing to return. We have many long rides in contemplation, and you may hear from me again, provided my two bits hold out, and I do not meet the fate of Grey Eagle, and break my neck in some wild adventure.

Yours, L. S. D. S.

Nineveh.—The Museum of Berlin, says a Prussian has discovered in the ruins of Nineveh a basso relievo representing a fleet of balloons—another proof that "there is nothing new under the sun."

THE PACIFIC.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEP. 25, 1856.

Nominations.

Certain great results have been accomplished since the 14th day of May, in this city. Over the grave of one of our noblest citizens, we pledged ourselves to rise for the rescue of the city from misrule and corruption. Burrying all difference of sentiment, we have striven in the face of threatened disaster and bloodshed, to accomplish an object so high and noble. But the work is not completed until a faithful set of men, chosen for their worth and not for their politics, shall have been elected; and not completed then, as long as corruption can combine its foul forces for plunder. To elect good men, we need the union of those who are bent on this end without reference to party differences: we need it and cannot reckon upon success in any other way. We dare not commit the interests of this city to the fate of any party ticket; we must not; we will not. A ticket has been nominated by large numbers of the people, irrespective of party. It embraces a fair proportion of Republicans, a large proportion of such. It is made up generally with wisdom and care. But the Republican leaders are the first to make new nominations upon party grounds, claiming that *they* are the reform party, and that all who are in favor of reform must vote for their party men. Does this look like reform, this striving to secure a party ticket, throughout, for offices where it makes little difference what political belief a man holds? We have no faith in it, and no faith in that sinuous reasoning by which it is defended, and in the protestations of purity upon which it rests. The people do not believe in it. True Republicans are willing to make the sacrifice of party preferences on petty offices which they ask others to make. They have no faith in Judge Satterlee and his *Saturnalian* plans. They believe that old politicians with new names, may have ends to obtain which may interfere with real good of the people, and they will not follow where such lead.

The entire press of the city, save that which goes at party call, is against them; and the press in this case, but echoes the voice of the counting-room and the workshop, and the street. In so far as the Republican committee may reject any nomination made by the People's committee, without showing cause in the character of the men; thus far, we must pronounce it a party movement, inimical to the past acts of the people through the Vigilance Committee, and inimical to the true interests of the people. At this point of divergence, they leave behind them the sympathy of the good and true.

Is this a time to reward partisans, when a city has been groaning under mal-administration and corruption, and cries for reform? Is this a party to point with one hand to the banner of Freedom trailed over the bloody plains of Kansas, unfurled on our free mountains for freedom's sake, and, at the same time, with the other hand to clutch, greedily, any petty office in a city that cries to be redeemed from the curse of party dominion! If this is the necessary instinct of party, greedy for impure pap in its very birth, may we be saved from being called even a republican. There is bad blood in the bantling's veins. Too many party men and old hack-leaders have been fused into the new organization.

Of parties national, we like the Republican best. Every party is a great net, drawing in the bad and good. We avow it plainly, that in our State legislature we rather see republicans represent the voice of this city. In the great gathering for which the forces are mustering over all the land, we rather see what *we* think is the cause of freedom, triumph; and at the result we would see, not a shout go up to Heaven rocking the continent, but the real worshipers of freedom bowing down in thankfulness to God. But petty and unworthy to us seems this strife for spoils in a city so needy of reform, where the good of all other parties are willing to unite for local relief; and nerveless as hireling muscles seem all the defences that we have seen, of a course unworthy of the representations of this party, in a city that could do the work of the last four months. It will not abide.

Republican Meeting.—The Republicans had a large and enthusiastic meeting at Musical Hall on Saturday evening. J. M. Shafter, Esq., was chosen Chairman. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Mird, in German, Judge Tracy, and others. Many ladies were present.

Origin of the name "Grog."—In Pulley's Etymological Companion, will be found the following, in reference to the origin of this word: "Admiral Vernon (the same after whom Mount Vernon was named) was the first to require his men to drink their spirits mixed with water. In bad weather he was in the habit of walking the deck in a rough *grogram* cloak, and hence had obtained the name of 'Old Grog' in the service. This is the origin of the name applied to rum and water."

Health of Southern Cities.—Reports having been circulated that the yellow fever was prevailing at Mobile, Dr. Nott, the President of the Board of Health, published a card announcing that no solitary case of the disease has made its appearance there this season. The same is true of New Orleans, Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, Portsmouth, Norfolk and Baltimore.

A vast deal of genial humor, says Mrs. Stowe, is conscientiously strangled in religious people, which might illuminate and warm the way of life. Wit and gaiety answers the same purpose that a fire does in a damp house, dispersing chills and drying up mold and making all wholesome and cheerful.

The August Elections.—Iowa has gone Republican by 6,000 or 7,000 majority. Kentucky has gone Democratic by 7,000 and 8,000 majority. In Missouri, Polk, Anti Benton Democrat, is probably elected Governor. Blair is elected to Congress. In North Carolina, Brag, Dem., is re-elected by 8,000 to 10,000 majority. In Arkansas, Conway, Dem., is elected Governor by 3,000 to 5,000 majority. Alabama is Democratic: the election was only for local officers.

Ancient Nursery Tales.—"Tom Thumb" first appears in English legendary lore in print in the year 1630. *He* is supposed, however, to be of Anglo Saxon lineage. The stories of "Jack and the Bean-stalk," "Puss in Boots," &c., are all from the north, and are still to be found in the nursery tales of Scandinavia.

Punctuality.—Ah! that is the word.—Did you ever know one who was punctual who did not prosper in a long run? We don't care who or what he was, high or low, white or black, ignorant or learned, savage or civilized.

Roberts, the man who was convicted in Washington, Yolo county, some months ago, for the murder of Mr. J. Van at Iowa city, is to be executed on Friday next.

Music by Steam.—A machine has been invented by which music is made by steam. It has been placed on the Rail Road from Providence to Worcester, and played several popular airs as the train was moving along.

A light draught, high pressure steamer, called the Oroville, has just been put upon the San Francisco and Marysville line. It is expected that she will run up the Feather river as far as Oroville during a high stage of water.

Mr. Wadsworth, the editor of the Placerville *American*, has withdrawn from the editorship of that paper.

ARRIVAL OF THE SEA BIRD.

From the Los Angeles Star.

Col. Washington and his party returned to town this week. He has been surveying on the Mohave near the Colorado. Col. Washington, like all the surveyers who are occupied in that region, reports the country to be good for grazing. He experienced some very warm weather during the late season—the thermometer sometimes ranging as high at 120 degrees.

Indians continue to kill each other. One or two instances of stabbing have come under our notice this week. We cannot learn that any white person has developed his manhood within the last seven days.

Indian Affairs.—In our issue of the 30th ult, we referred to the treaty which had just been concluded by Gen. Beale with the Indians in the Four Creek and Tulare country. From the information then obtained, it appeared that the Indians in that district had been driven to war for want of food; and it now further appears from information we have since acquired from a gentleman conversant with Indian affairs, that the tribes of the South are also in a starving condition, and if aid be not afforded them in time, a disasterous war will be the result.

The condition of the Indians throughout the southern country, calls loudly for the interference of the general government. It is estimated that there are 12,000 Indians living in rancherias, and about 3,000 domesticated, scattered throughout the counties of San Diego, San Bernardino, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, forming a territory of about 40,000 square miles, nearly one-third the whole State. A petition is in circulation for the establishment of a superintendency of Indian affairs in Southern California.

Port of San Pedro.

September 7, arrived Schooner S. D. Bailey, Capt. Hiller, from San Francisco with general merchandise.

September 8, Schooner Arno, Captain Hughes, from San Francisco, general merchandise.

September 11, arrived schooner Laura Bevan, Capt. Morton, general merchandise.

Sailed September 6, Steamer Sea Bird, Captain Haley, with a cargo of 4,200 boxes of grapes and 500 bags of salt.

Sailed September 10, Schooner S. D. Bailey, for San Francisco, with full cargo of salt and wool.

September 13, Schooner Laura Bevan for San Francisco, with full cargo of salt, wool and wine.

The Arno goes to San Luis Obispo, for cargo of hides, &c.

From the Santa Barbara Gazette.

During the "southeaster," of Saturday night, a fishing schooner, recently seized by the Collector of the Port, and which was anchored in the harbor, dragged her anchor and went ashore.

Accident.—Yesterday afternoon, as Mr. Hubbard was engaged in loading a pistol, it was accidentally discharged, and a portion of the cap struck him in the eye, inflicting a serious wound. Our readers will please accept this as an excuse for the lateness of our paper to-day.

On Sunday morning last information was received in this city of the death of Dr. M. A. R. de Poli, a much esteemed citizen of San Buenaventura. He was on horseback, when the horse became restive, and rearing fell backwards. The pummel of the saddle struck him on the breast, crushing him in a dreadful manner, and also breaking his back, from the effects of which he died soon after.

The Vigilance Committee Abroad.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a private letter written by an Episcopal Clergyman, of Philadelphia, to a friend in this city:

There can be no doubt that the hand of Providence is in all this, for the future and highest good, as well as for the greatest prosperity of your new State. What can we look for in a country like yours, where the growth has been so rapid, and the attractions so multifarious, but a vast collection of the most diseased of all grades of society from the older States and indeed from all parts of the world. For one, I am happy to see enough of health and vigor left to cleanse and purify the body politic.

I should not be deterred from going to California in consequence of this disturbed state of the public mind. I like the indication. It conclusively shows the truthfulness of the old *doctrine*, that enlightened Republics contain within their own bosoms the leaven of self-preservation. That they will always purge the body politic and come out pure and strong.

Independence.—The following announcement appeared in the columns of the *Morning Globe*, which smacks of an independence rarely exhibited by the *party press* of California, and which we are pleased to see:

Buchanan and Breckenridge.

It has been asked why we do not hoist the names of Pennsylvania's distinguished son and Kentucky's "Young America" at the head of the columns of the *Globe*. We answer that, though we give them, and intend to give them, our heartiest support as the men of our choice—as true national candidates—yet we do not do it at the call of *party*. We are bound to no set of men who can say, "Put this name here and that name there!" We are not shackled by party usages; and we are not willing to place a long array of names for the suffrages of the people at the head of this paper, and work in the traces to draw the load like a party hack. We are willing to let each and all stand on their own merits, and on their own merits fall; and will not jeopardize, so far as we are concerned, the success of great national questions, in which all true lovers of their country have a vital interest, for the sake of making John Doe Constable, or Richard Roe member of Congress! We are for Buchanan and the Union first, and for good men, whoever they may be, for subordinate positions afterward. We will not, therefore, bear the brand of party, as it is considered, by placing *any names* at the head of this paper. Our *columns* will show for themselves.

Statistics.

A gentleman of this city has compiled from the last census, and handed us for publication the following Table, showing the difference between the North and the South, or the Free and the Slave States:

AEREA OF TERRITORY IN AND OUT OF THE UNION.

Square miles of Territory not admitted as States,	1,472,324
Square miles in the 16 free States,	612,597
Square miles in the 15 Slave States,	851,508
Total,	2,936,429

Showing over a quarter more slave territory than free, and only about one-third the number of voters, as shown below.

White population of the 16 Northern States	13,238,670
White population of the 15 Southern States	6,222,418
White population of the Territories	91,980
Slave " " " Southern States	3,204,51
No of free Negroes in the South	238,187
" " " " " " North	196,16
Total value of property in the Northern States	$4102,162,098
Total value of property in the South including value of slaves	$2952,814,356
Educational Income, North	$10,971,768
" " South	$6,819,808
No of Libraries North	14,893
" " " South	722
No of Volumes North	3,883,617
" " " South	752,749
Newspapers North	1800
" South	722
Circulation North	334,146,281
" South	91,166,029
Value of Church property, North	$66,773,517
Value of Church property, South	23,038,541
Capital in Manufactures, North	$431,290,351
Capital in Manufactures, South	95,918,842
Postage received in the North	4,391,860
Amount paid out in the North	2,381,607
Postage received in the South	1,486,984
Amount paid out in the South	2,087,266

Showing receipts over expenses, in the North, of two millions of dollars; and loss to this department of the Government in the South of six hundred thousand dollars.

Total number of slave owners in the South, 347,000. Of these only 92,000 own, each, ten negroes and upwards.

Number of voters North,	2,401,808
Number of voters South,	810,819
Total votes in all the 31 States,	3,212,627

Statistics of Representation.

White population to one Congressman, North	91,935
White population to one Congressman, South	68,725
White population to one Senator North	413,708
" " " " South	206,215

SENATE.

No of members North	32
" " " South	30

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

No of members North	144
" " " South	90
Total	234

FROM LATEST INFORMATION.

California exports more in one year (including gold) than Texas has exported in twenty years, since the declaration of Texan independence. The area and present population of the two States are about equal.

California, with a population of 390,000, produces, including gold, as much in two years, as the value of the whole cotton crop for one year, of the South, which has a population of ten millions.

In 1856, Railroads completed in the free States, 16,898 miles; In slave States, 6,414 miles.

In the town of Liberty, Texas, a fine of $25 is imposed upon every man who utters an oath in the presence of a woman. Is there no fine for uttering an oath in the presence of Jehovah?

The Mount of Olives.—This sacred spot near Jerusalem has been purchased by the widow of a wealthy Jewish banker in Prussia, who intends to beautify the place and improve the whole neighborhood at her own expense. She has planted the whole area with a grove of olive-trees, thus restoring it to the original state from which it derives its name.

Foreign Items.

The military losses in the Eastern War are officially announced as follows:

Those of the French army	63,462
Those of the English army	19,814
Those of the Sardinian army	2,582
Those of the Russian army	277,000
Making a total of	361,338

The Nightengale Fund, according to the announcement of the committee, proceeds satisfactorily. It now approaches 35,000*l.*, of which 30,000*l.* are invested in Government securities; it may therefore, be considered a success, and, in so far as Miss Nightengale is concerned, is "a grateful recognition of her services" on the part of the British people.

Mr. John Shakespere of Langley Priory, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, has given £500 to purchase certain property on either side of Shakespere's house, at Stratford-on Avon, and to restore that part of the premises known as Swan and Maidenhead, to its original state.

Will it be credited that thousands of people have, during the past week, crowded a certain road in or near the village of Melling, near Ormskirk, to inspect a sycamore tree which has burst its bark, and the sap protrudes in a shape resembling a man's head? Rumor spread abroad that it was the re-appearance of Palmer, who "had come again, because he was buried without a coffin!" Another story made out that the strange sight was the embodiment of a notorious ghost. Some inns in the neighborhood of this singular tree reaped a rich harvest.

A robbery, accompanied by murder, took place last week on the road from Shumla to Varna, in Turkey. Dr. Kalozdy, one of the surgeons attached to the Bashi-Bazouks, was traveling that way, with his wife, an assistant surgeon, his servant, and the Arab driver. In passing through the forest they were assailed by five robbers. As they carried no arms with them, resistence was out of the question, except in the case of the assistant surgeon, who tried to defend the party with his sword, but was shot through the arm. He tried to escape on horseback, but was shot through the body.—The robbers turned over the cart, and took away about 1,000*l.* which Dr. Kalozdy carried about with him, and which had probably been the cause of the attack. It is said that one of the Zabtics, or policemen of the Kaimakan of Shumla, has been recognized among the robbers.

By a colliery explosion at Cymmer, Wales, on the 15th, it is supposed not less than 110 miners were killed—only six escaping alive.—It was three days before all the bodies could be taken from the pit, and the scene among the surviving friends gathered about it, was one of the most heart-rending ever beheld.

The Macedonian has brought home the remains of Commodore Abbott, who died at Hong Kong some months ago.

The gold fields of Australia are yielding at the rate of nearly $100,000,000 per annum, and the produce of the first three months of 1856 is nearly double that of the corresponding three months of 1855, being close upon 700,000 ounces.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, who has run all round the globe more than once, for her own and the public entertainment, is now in London, and is immediatey, going to Madagascar. She has lately received much honor among Continental *savans*. The Natural History Society of Berlin and Amsterdam elected her as an honorary member. She was invited by the King of Prussia to Potsdam, and presented with the Humboldt gold medal of arts and sciences.

The gold chronometer presented by the President of the United States to Capt. Clark of the ship Bacchola, for having rescued the crew of the American ship May Flower, was handed over by the Marine Board at Liverpool on the 30th ult.

A Liverpool jury had given a verdict of manslaughter against the mate and pilot of the steamship Excelsior, in their recent fatal collision with the steamer Mail.

A Novel Idea.—Dr. Deck, of New York, comes out with the startling statement that henceforth all paper may be derived from the mummy catacombs of Egypt. The doctor has explored the entire valley of the Nile, and has become so accustomed to speak Arabic that he has almost forgotten his mother tongue. He estimates that the mummy pits of the Nile contain about five hundred millions of embalmed Egyptians, who, he says will, with their linen and paperus cerements, furnish excellent material for first class paper. He does not explain the rationale of his theory, but as the adipose and muscular matter of these bodies have all been transformed into fibre, it is possible, as he says, that it can be converted into pulp with the same facility as vegetable matter. Let the idea be put into practical effect, and it may even happen that one of the Ptolemies, or Cleopatra, or even of Nebuchadnezzar himself, may yet furnish material upon which to print a daily newspaper. They would thus certainly be useful in death as well as in life.—*Balt. Sun.*

Paper.—There are now 750 paper-mills in this country, with 2,000 engines, constantly engaged in making printing paper. The last year they produced 270,000,000 pounds of paper from about 400,000,000 pounds of rags, which was sold for about $27,000,000.

The Atlantic Telegraph.—The first attempt to lay a cable telegraph across the Atlantic having been unsuccessful, another is to be made. The length of the cable will be 2,400 miles, and two steamers, each with 1,200 miles of cable, will meet midway between Ireland and Newfoundland, and after uniting the cables will proceed in opposite directions to land.

A Man Killed.—The Union *Democrat* says: A young man named George Rover, a native of Germany, was killed on Tuesday last, by the sudden caving in of a bank of earth, while engaged in mining, near Kelley's Ranch, a short distance from Saw Mill Flat.

Don Pedro's Bar.—We learn that the miners at and near this place are doing better than at any time heretofore. Many of the claims are counting their daily gains by pounds. —*Union Democrat.*

Chinese Camp.—About twenty fire-proof buildings are now in course of erection in Chinese Camp, and the spirit of improvement and progress are everywhere visible. It is destined to be one of the first towns in the county.—*Ibid.*

Barge Sunk.—A barge belonging to the California Steam Navigation Company, sunk on Wednesday last in the Sacramento river, twenty miles above Colusi, near Placer city. She was fully freighted at the time with a cargo of merchandize, of probably $10,000 value. The steamer Swan had her in tow when she struck a snag and went down. The amount of damage done her cargo is not yet ascertained. —*Sacramento Times.*

The Sacramento *American* says, the Rev. Dr. Hatch, formerly Chaplain in Congress, has accepted a call from the Episcopal Society at Folsom, and preaches regularly every Sunday in that town. The Episcopalians have recently organized a Society in Folsom, and are progressing finely, and in a short time we shall expect to see them building a neat little chapel.

Perchance.—A fashionable lady at a watering-place had a favorite lap-dog, which she called Perchance. "A singular name for your pet, madam; where did you find it?" "Oh," drawled she most exquisitely, "it was named for Byron's dog. You remember where he speaks of it, and says, 'Perchance my dog will howl.'"

The farmer whose pigs were so lean that it took two of them to make a shadow, has been beaten by another, who had several so lean that they would crawl out through the cracks in their pen. He finally stopped that "by tying knots in their tails!"

In the "Life of Wilberforce," is the following entry in his dairy—"Went to hear Mr. Foster. Felt much devotion, and wondered at a man who fell asleep during the psalms. During the sermon *went to sleep myself.*

One might readily suppose upon reading these lines that they had been written for California, for San Francisco particularly, and for this very hour.

An Aspiration.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and steady hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill:
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinion and a will;
Men who have *honor*—men who *will not lie;*
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And con his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-browned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking—
Nor while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.
Chester Co, (Pa.) Republican.

Here is one of the solemn histories of life so often seen upon the pages of London journals. That great city is filled with such experiences, and indeed all around us, pale lips are telling the same sad story:

The Lady Alice.

What doth the Lady Alice so late on the turret stair
Without a lamp to light her but the diamond in her hair;
When every arching passage overflows with shallow gloom,
And dreams float through the castle, into every silent room?

She trembles at her footstep, although their fall is light;
For through the turret-loopholes she sees the murky night—
Black, broken vapors streaming across the stormy skies—
Along the empty corridors the moaning tempest cries.

She steals along a gallery, she pauses by a door;
And fast her tears are dropping down upon the oaken floor;
And thrice she seems returning—but thrice she turns again;—
Now heavy lies the cloud of sleep on that old father's brain!

Oh, well it were that *never* thou shouldst waken from thy sleep!
For wherefore should they waken who waken but to weep?
No more, no more beside thy bed may Peace her vigil keep,
Thy sorrow, like a lion, waits upon its prey to leap.

An afternoon in April. No sun appears on high;
A moist and yellow lustre fills the deepness of the sky;
And through the castle gateway, with slow and solemn tread,
Along the leafless avenue they bear the honored dead.

They stop. The long line closes up, like some gigantic worm:
A shape is standing in the path; a wan and ghost-like form;
Which gazes fixedly, nor moves; nor utters any sound:
Then, like a statue built of snow, falls lifeless to the ground.

And though her clothes are ragged, and though her feet are bare;
And though all wild and tangled, falls her heavy silk brown hair;
Though from her eyes the brightness, from her cheeks the bloom, has fled:
They know their Lady Alice, the Darling of the Dead.

With silence, in her own old room the fainting form they lay;
Where all things stand unaltered since the night she fled away;
But who shall bring to life again her father from the clay?
But who shall give her back again her heart of that old day?
From Dickens' Household Words.

City Intelligence.

Mean and Cruel.—As we were walking up Washington street, some few evenings since, we witnessed an uncalled-for and cruel collision between one of Grim & Bowman's omnibusses and a small market wagon, driven by a colored boy. The colored boy was crossing Washington st., on Kearney, and did not see the omnibus in time to clear it, the pole of which caught in the wheel of the market wagon; the driver of the omnibus, a tall, overgrown, thoughtless fellow, becoming indignant, drove recklessly on, *throwing the boy* violently over the dasher of the wagon, injuring him, no doubt, not much; but the escape was a very narrow one indeed; and, on the part of the omnibus driver, evinced more wanton recklessness than the law allows, and could we have seen a police officer, would have had him arrested. There is too much reckless driving in our streets. We saw, last evening, on the same street, a hackman run down two little school-boys, injuring one of them quite severely; he drove on as though nothing unusual had transpired. For the future, when we see anything of this kind, we shall take the trouble to ascertain the names of the drivers, and have them punished.

A Mistake.—The report in the papers of Wednesday, that Martin Gallagher had returned to this city, is incorrect. It probably grew out of the fact that he had recently taken passage from the Sandwich Islands to Puget Sound.

Swindling.—On Tuesday a Mexican purchased some clothing from a shop on Pacific street, and tendered in payment a bag of gold dust, with the stipulation that he should receive the excess in coin after deducting for payment of the goods. *The shopkeeper took the bag of* dust into an adjoining room, and returned with a little retorted gold as the dues of the Mexican who found he was minus about $50. The guilty party, whose name is Morris, was arrested.

The Independent City Guards made their annual target excursion on Tuesday. The first prize was won by H. H. Thrall. It was the Company's medal of gold, with a quartz center piece. The second prize, a Templar's gold cross, was awarded to Mr. Hubbard; the third prize, a silver medal, to W. C. Allen; the fourth, a silver snuff-box, to Mr. Mitchell; the fifth, (in a horn,) to H. Van Pelt.

The challenge of Howard No. 3 has been accepted by Knickerbocker No. 5. The trial to come off between the 5th and 15th of October, for $2500 a side. Forfeit, $500.

Shooting.—Vi Turner was shot at by a custom-house officer on Tuesday about one 1 o'clock. Officer Rand who was near immediately arrested the assailant, Charles Powel, and took him to the station-house. It is believed that Turner was not much injured, if injured at all.

Shipment of Treasure.—The shipments by the Sonora and the Sierra Nevada, are as follows:

Per Sonora,	$2,084,762 55.
Per Sierra Nevada,	155,763 66.
Total,	$2,240,526 21.

Republican Palaces.—It is said that there are at least a dozen private residences in New York city, recently erected, which cost from $100,000 to $150,000 each, rivaling in magnificience the royal palaces of Europe, and inferior only in point of magnitude. The most elegant dwelling in the city is reported to have cost about $250,000. In one residence that has been fitted up in the most gorgeous style, $54,000 was expended in four or five of the apartments, a single room being fitted up at a cost of from $25,000 to $30,000.

A Railroad to the Holy City.—A railroad is about to be established from the Mediterranean to Jerusalem, with the sanction of the Turkish and British governments; the material of the line from Balaklava to Sebastopol will probably be transferred for that purpose.

Strychnine.—In Ceylon and several districts of India grows a moderate sized tree, with thick, shining leaves and a short, crooked stem. In the fruit season it is readily recognized by its rich orange colored berries about as large as golden pippins; the rind is hard and smooth, and covers a white soft pulp, the favorite fruit of many kinds of birds, within which are flat round seeds, not an inch in diameter, ash-gray in color, and covered with very minute silky hairs.

Why is the life of an editor like the Book of Revelations? Because, it is full of "types and shadows," and a mighty voice, like the sound of many waters, saying to him—WRITE!

Trans-Atlantic Telegraph.—A company has been proposed for the purpose of establishing a line of telegraph across the Atlantic within three years, by way of Labrador, Greenland Iceland, and the Faroe Islands, whence it is proposed that two lines shall diverge, one eastwardly to Norway, and the other southwardly to Scotland. This route has the advantage of furnishing four land stations, no two of which are more than five hundred miles apart.

Mrs. Keating, the wife of the man who was shot by Mr. Herbert, at Washington, has died, and has left several orphan children. The shock of her husband's death killed her.—*Concord (N. H.) Dem. Standard.*

Emery has just invented a new kind of drill. It is adapted to military purposes. By means of cog-wheels and steel springs, eight companies of militia can be drilled in twenty-three minutes. Who says this is not a progressive age?

Oroville, Butte County.—A correspondent writes us, under date of the 16th, that this place is rapidly improving. The great majority of mining claims are paying well. On Saturday last, $4,000 were taken out of the White Rock Claim, and on Monday, $5000. Oroville has a population of two thousand, and has a fine court-house, two theatres, and other public buildings. The people are also making a movement towards the erection of a church.

Music.

In attempting to define the Sister Arts of Music and Painting, we would say broadly, that the one is supplied from inward sentiment, the other from outward observation. Therefore, in presenting them to the comprehension of a race of beings compounded of body and spirit, the art consists in giving to Music a form, and to Painting a soul. Music must be materialized, and Painting spiritualized. We mean no comparison of the relative value of the two Arts, feeling sure that, however, distant their lines of light may appear to us here, they unite in one radiant point beyond our sight though visible to true Artist faith.

SOUND AND NUMBER.

The connexion between Sound and Number is a fact which at once invests Music with the highest dignity. It is like adding to the superstructure of a delicate flower, the roots of an oak of the forest. *The simple instinct of a correct ear, and the closest calculations of a Mathematical head, give the same verdict.* Science *proves*, what the ear *detects*, and the ear ratifies what Science asserts. The mere fact that Music and Mathematics should be allied, is a kind of phenomenon. One can hardly believe that Euclid and Jenny Lind have any common bond of union. But deep in the hidden caverns of the mind, the materials are supplied, and mingle in one common source, and the paths which have conducted a Galileo, and Kepler and Herschel to the profoundest abstractions the human mind is capable of, have started from the sweet portals of sound.

TIME.

The sense of Time is alone a novelous guarantee; a conscience which no other Art possesses in like degree. The *order* which is Musics first law, the *pulse* which regulates the health of the whole impalpable body—the first condition of musical being, an invisible frame-work, in which the slippery particles of sound are knit together for action—a natural regularity, which we can only bear to hear transgressed—from the pleasureable suspense in which the mind is kept for its return.—*London Quarterly, Oct.*, 1848.

Stockton Street Presbyterian Church. A Congregational meeting was called and held last Wednesday evening, when the Society resolved to raise by subscription the needful amount to purchase and pay in cash for a suitable lot, upon which to build a church edifice, to be begun early in the spring, and when ready to sell the house and lot on Stockton street and apply proceeds towards the payment of the new one.

We learn from a reliable source that the Branch Mint in San Francisco does more business than all the other Mints of the Union combined. No work is being done at this time for want of nitric acid, which cannot be obtained in the State at this time.

Shooting.—On Monday last a man named Stanfield was shot by one Lynch, in Sutter county, with a horse pistol loaded with buck-shot. The parties had a difficulty about some hay on Lynch's ranch. Stanfield and Co., who had a claim on the hay were about drawing it away when Lynch ordered them to desist, and as they did not heed the command of Lynch the latter shot Stanfield. The shot have been extracted and the wound is not considered dangerous.

A Fight.—On Saturday afternoon a dispute arose and a fight ensued, at the railroad depot, between Charles Bowman and William E. Oliver. Olivers appears to have been implicated in some difficulty with a woman in the cars with whom neither seems to have been acquainted. Bowman rebuked him for his conduct. They came out of the cars and Oliver taunted Bowman; tried to get him to fight; used violent language, &c.; Bowman becoming at last incensed at these agressions, laid down the newspapers which he was selling, and struck him. A fight ensued. In the scuffle a Bowie-knife of Oliver's fell to the floor, which he at once picked up, and menaced Bowman with. While he was picking up the knife, Bowman seized a rifle which was leaning up against the building, belonging to a passenger and leveled it at his antagonist. Bystanders interferred, and the parties were arrested. Bowman was *yesterday* tried by the Recorder for assault and battery, and convicted. Oliver was tried by a jury of nine, for assault and battery, and for drawing a deadly weapon. E. A. Hencock, Esq., appeared for the defense of Oliver. The jury failed to agree. Bradford, who was evidently forced into the fight, will be sentenced to-day. Oliver will probably be dismissed.—*Sacramento Times.*

Preventing a Fight. Two men, named Crowley and Boyle got into a quarrel at the Wisconsin House, on K street, near 8th, on Sunday evening. Some difficulty existed between Crowley and a boarder at the house who was intoxicated at the time. Boyle wished to prevent a fight, by getting Crowley away, that the third person might be got off to bed. But in order to do so, he became very violent and abusive, using vulgar language, which could be heard at the distance of half a square. Boyle was anxious for Crowley to come out and fight. One of the Policemen, who was attracted to the spot by the noise, interrupted the programme, and brought them to the Station House. They were both found guilty of disturbing the peace.—*Ibid.*

The Mormons.—Theo. Olhausen, of St Louis, Mo., has published in German, a history of the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, in North America; from which it appears that America contains 68,700 of that sect, of whom 38,000 are in Utah, 5000 in New York; 4000 in California; 5000 in Novia Scotia and Canada, and 2000 in South America and the Islands. Europe contains 39,000; of whom 32,000 are in Great Britian and Ireland; 5000 in Scandinavia; 1000 in Germany and Switzerland; 580 in France, and 500 in the rest of Europe. He states that there are two three thousand more in Asia, Africa, Polynesia and Australia.

In Judge Crowford's Court, Washington, where Brooks was fined $300 for his deadly assault on Chas. Sumner, and the democratic member of Congress, Herbert was justified in killing a poor Irish waiter, a poor white non-slaveholder has been sentenced to *one years imprisonment* for an assault.

The Council Bluffs Chronotype states that a citizen of that place lately sold out 960 acres lying on the Bottom South of the city, for $50 per acre, amounting to the snug sum of forty eight thousand dollars. This land cost $1200, within less than three years.

Large Legacy.—Harvard College is to receive another munificent legacy from Dr. John G. Treadwell, who died in Salem on Friday last. His property, amounting to over $100,000 (after the decease of his mother, now nearly eighty years of age), is bequeathed to Harvard College.

A man named Johnson has performed the penilous feat of swimming across the Niagara river between the Falls and Suspension Bridge. This was the first time the feat had ever been attempted.

A Man Shot.—A man named Shaffer, a dealer in Flour and Grain in Sacramento, was shot this morning about 9 o'clock by a man named Schanner. Schanner found Shaffer in a lager-bier saloon on the corner of Kearny and Sacramento streets, and shot at him twice in the saloon with a revolver. Shaffer then fled to the street, where he was shot at three times more, one ball injuring his right arm, the other entering his side. The wounded man was taken into a drug store near by, and has since been removed to Pike street. There is but little hope of his recovery.

This affray grew out of family difficulties. The wife of Schanner had sued for a divorce, and it is said she had gone to Sacramento to live with Shaffer. Schanner was immediately arrested and taken to the station-house.

The other day a man was found mounted on a ladder with his lips pressed to the telegraphic wires. He was kissing his wife "by telegraph."

Railway News.—There is an old lady who says she always likes to travel by a trunk line, because then she feels confidence about the safety of her luggage.—*Punch.*

A modern philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, says that, if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles bareheaded, without taking cold!

The fellow who slept under "the cover of night," complains that he came very near freezing.

COMMERCIAL.

Monday Morning, Sept. 22.

There has been a good business done to-day, without any change in prices. The grain market is rather lively, and the receipts very large.

Flour—750 qr sks Fowler's self-raising at $9,50; 200 do Commercial extra, $8.50; 300 do Magnolia at $8; 400 do Golden Gate, $8,25.

Wheat—300 sks sold p t; 40 do $2,80; 250 do inferior, at 2c; rec'd 2,700 sks.

Barley—780 sks sold at $2 45; 200 do at $2,35, and 200 do $2,30; rec'd 6,700 sks.

Oats—150 sks at 2½c; 165 do $1,35; 272 do $2,32½c; 900 do rec'd.

Potatoes—350 sks sold at 3c; 50 do 2½c; 750 do received.

Bacon—15,000 lbs extra clear, p t.

Hams—24,000 lbs p t.

Lard—300 cs sold on p t.

Sugar—16,000 lbs New Orleans, at 12c.

Rice—150 bbls Carolina at 9c.

Dried Apples—3,000 lbs sold at 12½c.

Pails—300 doz 3 hooped, at $4,75.

Brandy—100 Octaves American, at 65c.

Candles—1,000 bxs 1st quality Adamantines, at 31c.

Whisky—150 bbls American low proof, at 52½c.

Alcohol—75 bbls New York, sold at $1.

Cordage—280 coils Manila, assorted sizes, at 14c.

Copper—10,800 lbs sheet, ex-Morning Light, p t.

Coal—75 tons Lackawana, ex-Flying Dutchman, $15,50.

Monday Evening, Sept. 22.

There has been a good business done this afternoon in general merchandize and grain, but prices are without change.

Wheat—1,180 sks sold at 2½c.

Barley—400 sks at $2,40; 500 do 2½c; 300 do $2,35.

Oats—300 sks at $2,40.

Potatoes—250 sks at 2½c.

Beans—100 sks white, 5½c.

Hay—250 bales jobbing, $22@$24

Copper—10,800 lbs sheathing, ex "Morning Light," private terms.

Cordage—280 coils Manila, assorted sizes, 14c.

Bacon—15,000 lbs extra clear, p t.

Hams—24,000 lbs p t.

Lard—200 lbs p t.

Alcohol—75 bbls New York, $1.

Whisky—150 bbls American, low proof, 52½c.

Candles—1,000 bxs 1st quality Adamantines, p t.

Sugar—16,000 lbs New Orleans, 12c.

Brandy—100 octaves American, 65c.

Pails—300 doz 3 hooped, at $4,75.

Dried Apples—3,000 lbs at 12½c.

Rice—150 bbls Carolina, 9c.

Coal—75 tons Lackawana, ex Flying Dutchman, $15,50.

Tuesday Morning, Sept. 23.

There has been very little done this morning in the way of sales, both in general merchandise and grain.

Flour—The usual jobbing sales of about 700 qr sks Domestic, at $8@$8,25.

Wheat—Sales of 125 sks at 2½c; 240 do $2,20; 883 do; rec'd 2,765.

Barley—200 sks sold $2 35; 200 do $2,40; market dull.

Oats—400 sks p t; 500 do rec'd.

Potatoes—100 sks sold 2½c; 175 do at 3c; 400 do received.

Beans—100 sks small, mixed, at 5½c; 150 do white, at 7c.

Sugar—Sales of 30,000 lbs China, No 1, at 9½c; 100 bags Batavia, at 9½c.

Tea—50 chests Oolong, ½lb papers at 25c; 100 boxes 10lb do at 34c.

Rice—100 bbls Carolina at 9c.

Starch—300 bxs 36 lbs each Colgates, p t.

Spirits—35 qr cks pure, p t.

Tuesday Evening, Sept. 23.

There has been a good business done this afternoon in general merchandise and Barley—the latter at higher figures.

Wheat—100 sks sold at 2½c

Barley—1,370 sks sold on p t; 500 do at $2 47½; 450 do $2 45; 175 do at 2½c; 200 do inferior $2 10

Oats—650 sks choice at 2½c; 240 do $2 42½; 150 do 2½c.

Potatoes—150 sks sold at 2½c inferior.

Bran—480 sks sold at $25 per ton.

Shorts—150 sks sold at 1½c.

Coffee—400 bags Rio at 14½c.

Alcohol—100 bbls 95 per cent above proof at $1.

Candles—750 bxs Haws, 500 do Phoenix, 200 do Melvin Knapp & co, and 200 do Spirm p t; 100 do do Melvin Knapp & co 29c.

Soap—1,700 bxs Chemical Olive p t.

Brandy—100 octaves American at 63c cash; 180 do do 65c.

Bacon—25 cs extra clear ex Enterprise 20c; 15 hhds at 21½c.

Lard—100 cs 10lb tins 23½c; 50 do do 23c.

Pork—100 bbls clear $39; 200 hf do do at $19.

Butter—50 fkns sold at 31c; 60 do 31½c

Sugar—25,000 lbs China No 1 at 9½; 200 bbls crushed at 14½c; 50 do do 15c; 250 do do, 200 hf do do p t.

Nails—500 kegs sold at 4½c.

Dried Apples—180 hf bbls at 12½c.

Cigars—190,000 American sold at less than New York costs.

Mackerel—100 hf bb's p t.

Turpentine—A sale of 5000 galls at $1 75 time.

Oil—295 cs olive $4 25.

Pepper—100 Rosses black ground hf lb glasses at $1 37½.

Wednesday Morning, Sept. 24.

Business to-day has been very good for general merchandise, but the Grain market is rather dull. Potatoes appear to be a little more in demand than yesterday, and arrivals are larger.

Flour—Sales from 1st hands of 800 bbls Gallego p t. 250 qr sks Fowlers self-raising at $9 50; 200 do Commercial extra, 300 do Golden Gate do at $8 50; 900 do $7 75 to $8; 200 do Magnolia at $8; 150 do Domestic at $7 50.

Wheat—300 sks sold at 2½; 400 do $2 35; 150 do 2½ received 2,300 sks.

Barley—980 sks sold on p t; 100 do, 240 do, 400 do $2 35 recd 2,800 do.

Oats—70 sks $2 45; 200 do $2 42½, 900 sks recd.

Potatoes—50 sks extra 3½; 460 do 3c; 60 do 2½c; 1100 do recd.

Corn Meal—450 bbls, 100 hf do, 50 puncheons sold on p t.

Pork—300 bbls mess and clear and 100 hf do clear on p t.

Bacon—13,000 lbs extra clear at 21½c.

Hams—100 casks Ames' at 25c.

Lard—50 cs 10lb tins 2d hands 23c.

Butter—90 fkns sold on p t.

Candles—250 bxs Adamantines p t; 60 do patent sperm 60c.

Rice—60,000 lbs China No 1 ex John Stuart p t.

Wooden Ware—150 nests tubs; 70 doz pails at $4 25.

Alcohol—200 cs sold at $1 12½

Case Goods—100 cs Hamblin & Bakers oysters at $9; 50 do black pepper at $1 37½.

Brandy—350 octaves American 62½ to 65c.

Oil—50 bbls Polar p t.

Gin—800 galls American 62½c.

Doors—200 Eastern p t

MARINE NEWS.

Arrived.

Sept 19—Stmr Sea Bird, Haley 2½ ds fm San Diego, pass R J Vandewater.

Clipper ship Orpheus, Mitchell, 150 ds fm Boston; mdse to R B Swain & co

Ship Lucas, Daggat, 19 ds fm English Bay, (Russian America,) 400 tons coal to A R C co

Schr Horace Keyes, 10 hrs from Tomales; produce to master

Sept 18—Ham ship Conradine, Lackman, Steecking, 49 days fm Hong Kong; mdse to order.

Bk Chas Devans, Haley, 7 days fm Oregon; 195,000 ft lumber to Abernethy, Clark & co; 1 pass.

Bk Iwanowna, Dryden, 3 days from Humboldt Bay; lumber to R Duff.

Sch Helen Maria, Ellis, 12 hours fm Tomales; clams to McDonald & co.

Sloop Alexander Frazer, Pitts, 6 hours fm Bolinas Bay; 13,000 ft lumber to Mathews & co.

Sloop Mary, Collins, 5 hours fm Bolinas Bay; 5,000 ft lumber to Mathews & co.

Sloop Falmouth, Morgan, 4 hours fm Bolinas Bay; 7,000 ft lumber to Mathews & co.

Sept 19—Clipper ship Flying Dutchman, Hubbard, 122 days fm Boston; mdze to Lent, Newell & Co.

Fr ship Estelle et Reine, Bordeaux, 136 dys fm Bordeax; mdze to Le Cacheux & Galley—8 pass.

Schr Olivia, Buddington, 3 dys fm Pajaro; produce to Brennan & Co.

Schr Ortolan, Bruce, 30 hs fm Pigeon Point; prod to Brennan & Co.

Schr Odd Fellow, Truinn, 2 ds fm Pajaro; prod to Brennan & Co.

Schr Pontiac, Namon, 2 ds fm Pajaro; produce to Master.

Sept 20—Schr Alfred Adams, Smith, 2 ds fm Santa Cruz; lime to Davis & Jordan.

Schr J E Murdock, Sears, 4 ds fm Montrey; 500 sks potatoes, 400 do barley, 200 do beans, Brennan & co.

Sept 20—Clipper barque Samuel Merritt, Reed, 24 hs from Mendocino; 350,000 ft lumber to S Merritt.

Schr Isaac D Carr, Quere, from Ceros Island, via Santa Barbara, 12 ds. oil to J W Ellsworth & co.

Sept 21—French Brig of War Ade aide, De Marigny, 19 ds fm Honolulu

Clipper ship Santa Claus, Foster, 140 ds fm Boston; mdze to Flint, Peabody & co

Clipper barque Yankee, Smith 17 ds from Honolulu: mdze to Morgan, Hathaway & co

Brig Quoddy Belle, Hatch, 2 ds fm Humboldt Bay; 120,000 ft lumber to C McLean

Clipper schr Vaquero, Newell, 93 ds fm Port Philip, via Honolulu 26 ds; mdze to G B Post & co

Sept 22—Bark D. M. Hall, Hoeg, 3 days from Humboldt, 170 M feet lumber to J S Garwood.

Brig Walcott, Falconer, 2 days from Humboldt; 124 M feet lumber to J. J Felt.

Schr Rising Sun, Adams, 12 days from St Nicholas Island; 11 tons Anbilones to master.

Sept 22—Clipper ship Nor Wester, Gregory, 182 ds fm Boston; mdse to Sweetzer, Hutchings & co

Clipper ship John E Thayer, Pousland, 130 days from New York; 2,308 tons coal to Forbes & Babcock

Barque New World, Libby, 3 ds fm Humboldt Bay; 170,000 ft lumber to N Dupreu

Danish Brig Hercules, Hanson, 72 ds fm Manila; rice, etc to Falkner, Bell & co

Schr Astoria, Sweet, 30 hs fm Pajaro; produce to Brennan & co

Clipper schr Flying Dart, Freeman, 50 ds from Cocos Island; in ballast to master

Sept 23—Clipper ship Napier, Stafford, 141 days fm New York; mdse to Alsop & co.

Sept 24—Louise Harlow, 6 hrs from Half Moon Bay, 400 sks potatoes to Mills & Vantine

Cleared.

Sept 18—Dan ship Androklos, Bachmann, Mazatlan; Fred Frank & co.

19—Sch Curlew, Briggs, Mazatlan; J Nagle; 20 pas.

Sept 19—Schr Sophie B, Moon, Sacramento; master

Sept 20—Steamship Sierra Nevada, Blethen, San Juan; C K Garrison & co

Steamship Sonora, Whiting, Panama; Forbes & Babcock

Schr Frances Helen, Wooley, Humboldt Bay; to Master.

Sloop Jane Stocking, Stockton; W R Allen.

Sept 20—Barque Jenny Ford, Sargent, Puget Sound; W C Talbot & co.

Schr Caroline E Foster, Worth, Valparaiso; Cross & co; 12 pass

Sept 22—Stmr Senator, Seeley, San Diego; California Steam co

Tahitian schr Island Queen, McFarland; J J Southgate & co; 5 pass

Sept 23—Schr Harrison, Miller, San Diego; B Pierce

Sept 23—Clipper ship Competitor, White, Shanghae; Flint, Peabody & Co.

Sept 24—No clearances to day up to 1 o'clock.

Sailed.

Stmr Columbia, Dall, Oregon.

Sept 23—Barque Columbia, Huntington, Monterey

Barque Jenny Ford, Sargent, Puget Sound

Schr Alfred Adams, Smith, Santa Cruz

Schr Odd Fellow, Quinn, Pajaro

Schr J M Ryerson, McCarthy, Mendocino

Schr Horace, Keyes, Tomales

Schr Simon B Blunt, Cummings, Monterey

Schr Ortolan, Bruce, Pajaro

Memoranda.

Per Orphen—Crossed the equator in the Atlantic lon 32 40; attempted to beat round Cape St Roque according to Lieut Maury's directions, and was 40 days on soundings most of the time from the equator to Cape St Augustine, current setting WNW to NW two and three knots, passed Cape Horn June 29th, and had NW winds to 15 S. Crossed the equator in the Pacific in 118, Aug 9, and carried southerly winds to 13 N, from thence to the heads have had northerly winds and calms

Per Lucas—Experienced very heavy weather to 50 N. but sustained no damage; left in port stmr Astoria, Harris, for Sitka. On the 31st of June, schr Forward, Capt Sawyer, bound for Arctic Ocean, was lost in the ice in lat 60 10, long 175 30 N; the Captain and crew were six days in their boats when they arrived at St Paul's, at which place they landed. The crew was taken off the island on the 16th of June by whaleship W O Nye, and bound to Honolulu; Capt Sawyer came to English Bay in the stmr Astoria, from thence to this port in the Lucas.

Per D M Hall—Left at Humboldt brig Wellingly loading, schrs Page, and J. R. Whiting do. Schr Page saw a dead whale off Humboldt bar—saved a part of it. Have had light NW winds during the passage.

Per Rising Sun—Have had strong winds most all the passage.

Importations.

Per Horace—256 sks oats, Serle & Johnson; 295 do Wheat, 76 do oats, 176 do Potatos, 55 do Barley, N Reynolds.

MARRIED.

In this city, Sept. 22, by Rev. S. H Willey, Mr Thomas Spencer to Miss Mary C Patterson, all of this city

At Punahou, near Honolulu, Aug. 5th, by Rev. J. D Strong, B. Pitman, Esq., of Hilo, Howaii, to Mrs. M. L. Kinney, of Honolulu.

In this city, on Sunday evening, by Rev. S. H. Willey, Mr. Augustus N. Greenbach, to Miss Esther G. Bell, all of this city.

In this city, 22d inst., by Rev. E. S. Lacy, Mr. E. M. Wood, to Miss Adelia Jewett.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Fullard's Celebrated Washing Fluid.

For washing clothes, &c., without labor. Warranted not to injure the clothes. This unrivalled mixture has only to be tested to prove its excellent qualities.—All the manufacturer would claim for it is a fair trial, (according to the directions given on each bottle,) feeling confident that entire satisfaction will be given.

Many articles have been offered to the public, professing to be all that is claimed for this, which, upon trial, have proved injurious to clothes. We however, offer an article, which will be found to save nearly all the labor of washing, as the clothes really require no rubbing. The manufacturer guarantees that the fluid will in no manner injure the clothes.

To Mariners—This Washing Fluid is particularly recommended, as it will soften salt water in such a manner that a good lather can be obtained from any kind of soap, answering all the purposes of fresh water for washing. It will also be found of great service in Washing Dishes and removing Grease from all kinds of Ware. One bottle is sufficient for two ordinary washings.

Directions for Washing Clothing.

Soak the clothes over night, using the proportion of half a pint of Fluid to three pails of cold water, wring well, and boil them in the same proportion of water and Fluid for half an hour, adding half a pound of soap cut fine, rubbing soap on the parts that are most soiled; rinse and wring well, and the clothes will be found clean and uninjured. For salt water, add twice the amount of Fluid to the same proportion of water.

This Fluid is for sale at all the principal Grocery Stores throughout the city.

Orders left at the Grocery Store corner of Stockton and Jackson street will be promptly attended to.

Country Orders.—This Washing Fluid will be packed and shipped free of charge, to those persons who reside in the Interior. Address

au29 d w 1m G. T. BOULDEN.

☞ **TYPE! TYPE! Don't Loose Your Clean Linen**—A nice lot of Type and Ink of the real Metcalf make, for marking clothes, to be used without preparation, and the ink is warranted indelible if properly used. Also, a few Stencil Letter of various sizes.

Noisy Carrier's Book and Stationery Co.,
Corner of Battery street and Long Wharf,
dec-13-ly San Francisco.

☞ **In calling attention to DR. GUYSOTT'S** Improved Extract of YELLOW DOCK and SARSAPARILLA, we feel confident that we are doing a service to all who may be affected with scrofulous or other disorders, originating in hereditary taint, or impurity of the blood.

We have known instances within the sphere of our acquaintance, where the most formidable distempers have been cured by the use of Guysott's Improved Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla alone. It is one of the few advertised medicines that cannot be stigmatized with ery, for the "Yellow Dock" and "Sarsaparilla" are well known to be the most efficient (and at the same time innoxious) agents in the whole *Materia Medica*, and by far the best and purest preparation of them, is Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Purchasers ought to be careful to ask for and take none but "Dr. Guysott's Improved Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. See advertisement. PARK & WHITE, Sole Agents.

my22d-tf Washington st., opposite Post Office.

BANKERS.

DREXEL, SATHER & CHURCH,

BANKERS,

Southwest Corner of Battery and Clay Streets.

DRAW AT SIGHT IN SUMS TO SUIT ON

Van Vleck, Read & Drexel	New York
J. W. Clark & Co	Boston
Drexel & Co.	Philadelphia
Johnston, Brothers & Co.	Baltimore
A. J. Wheeler, Esq	Cincinnati, Ohio
Haskell & Co.	Exchange Banks, St. Louis, Mo
A. D. Jones, Esq., Cashier	Pittsburg, Pa
A. D. Hunt & Co.	Louisville, Ky
J. S. Lyell	Detroit, Mich

ALSO—EXCHANGE ON

LONDON,
Frankfort on the Maine, Stuttgart, } Germany.

Purchase Certificates of deposit, and other Exchange, at current rates, and transact a general Banking Business.

F M DREXEL, Philadelphia.
P SATHER, } San Francisco.
E W CHURCH,

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MARK BRUMAGIM. MORTON CHEESMAN.
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MARK BRUMAGIM & CO.,

BANKERS,

Marysville.

Corner of High street and the Plaza.

The highest price paid for

Gold Dust.

Advances made on Gold Dust to Assay, or to forward to the Mint for Coinage.

One per cent. per Month Interest

Will be allowed on our Certificates of Deposit, payable ten days after sight.

M. B. & CO. have a TREASURY VAULT, of the most approved construction, and will receive

General and Special Deposits.

CHECKS AT PAR,

—ON—

DREXEL, SATHER & CHURCH,

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Our Sight and Time Drafts on

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NEW YORK.

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SIGHT DRAFTS ON

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Purchase Certificates of Deposit and other Exchange at current rates, and transact a General Banking Business.

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DREXEL SATHER & CHURCH

BANKERS,

Corner 3d and J streets, Sacramento,

BUY AND SELL

EXCHANGE ON THE PRINCIPAL ATLANTIC CITIES AND EUROPE,

Pay the Highest Price for Gold Dust,

Make Liberal Advances on the same consigned for Assay or Coinage, attend to collections and remittances, and transact a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

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P. SATHER, San Francisco.
E. W. CHURCH, do.
oc13tf THOS. S. FISKE, Sacramento.

METROPOLITAN BATHING, SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON,

No. 160 Montgomery street, basement of the Montgomery Block, San Francisco, California.

THE UNDERSIGNED—Thankful for past favors, and in soliciting a continuance of the same, he takes this method of informing his numerous friends and the public, generally, that he has just finished

Repairing and Refitting

The above named commodious Establishment, making the Bath Rooms—twenty four in number—the largest and most convenient of any others in the United States. The

HAIR DRESSING DEPARTMENT

is under the supervision of the subscriber in person, (he being a practical Hair Dresser,) and having always employed none but first class Workmen, his numerous patrons and those who favor him with a call may rest assured of receiving the utmost satisfaction.

Ladies, Private Entrance—On Merchant street a few doors below Montgomery.

Baths 50 cents, or 12 Tickets for $5.

EDWARD STAHLE, Proprietor.

N. B. Always on hand, a large assortment of Perfumery, Hair Brushes and Fancy Articles for the Toilet. je 18m

C. C. KNOWLES,

DENTIST

AND

MANUFACTURER OF MINERAL TEETH AND BLOCK WORK,

Office corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets

(Entrance same as to Vance's Daguerrean Rooms,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

DR. H. AUSTIN, DENTIST, 173 Washington street between Montgomery and Kearny streets, opposite Atwill's Music Store, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and patrons. au27 3m

ROBIE'S FAMILY GROCERY STORE

S. E. Corner of California and Montgomery sts.

LEVI ROBIE, late of C. Lumbard & Co., Battery street, desires to inform his friends and the public, that he has taken the STORE located as above, and is now prepared to furnish every description of

GROCERIES

Suitable for Family use. His stock will always be found large, well selected and SUPERIOR IN QUALITY, which, together with the LOWEST CASH PRICES, he trusts will afford invariable satisfaction, and ensure a liberal share of patronage.

PRUNES—100 cases, in glass jars.

For sale by

je3 WM. T. COLEMAN & CO,

HOME MANUFACTURED BOOTS AND SHOES.

ON HAND & RECEIVING THE

Best Retail Stock ever offered in San Francisco, all selected and manufactured by me expressly for this market. My assortment consists of BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS, of every style and variety, for Gentlemen. I have a complete assortment of the same article of

My Own Manufacture.

And will MANUFACTURE TO ORDER, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Having selected the stock myself, every thing made in my shop will be warranted not inferior, in make, material or style, to any in this city.

☞ Call at my BOOT AND SHOE STORE, Commercial street, corner of Battery.

aug14-3m JOHN LEVELL.

EVERTS, WILSON & CO.'S EXPRESS.—Having made extensive additions to their former business, by recent purchase of important routes, they are now prepared to convey Treasure, Packages, Letters and Papers, and to transact all business entrusted to their care, with fidelity and dispatch. Their principal offices are located at—

MARYSVILLE,	SAINT LOUIS,
RABBIT CREEK,	NELSON CREEK,
GIBSONVILLE.	

And they have side offices at the—

COLUMBUS HOUSE,	AMERICAN HOUSE,
WARREN'S HILL,	SPANISH FLAT,
INDEPENDENCE BAR,	SCALES' DIGGINGS,
HANSONVILLE,	FORRESTOWN,
CHANDLERVILLE,	PINE GROVE,
POKER FLAT,	PORT WINE,
POOR MAN'S CREEK,	HOPKINS' CREEK,
AMERICAN VALLEY.	

And on the Feather River Route, at—

BIDWELL'S BAR,	OROVILLE,
LYNCHBURG.	

And will forward Packages, etc., through the enterprising Express of W. E. SINGER & CO., to every portion of the country bordering on the Upper Feather River.

Faithful Messengers are dispatched in charge of Treasure.

All valuable Packages will be placed in the care of a trust-worthy person, to be conveyed through under his immediate supervision.

Sight and Time Drafts on Europe and the Atlantic States furnished.

Sight Checks drawn on Marysville, Sacramento and San Francisco.

s25-tf EVERTS, WILSON & CO.

OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW.

SACRAMENTO

FANCY DYING & SCOURING Establishment.

The undersigned have opened the Establishment for Dyeing, Scouring and Repairing all kinds of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel, silks, Satins, Merinos, Crape Shawls, ect., ect., upon an entirely new principle.

All Work left at the above Establishment will be executed with Neatness and Dispatch.

JACKSON & CO

Fifth Street, between, J and K, oppposite Eureka Engine House. jy 10 3m.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

JENNINGS & BREWSTER

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF CLOTHING

72 Battery Street,

WOULD CALL THE ATTENTION OF BUYERS TO their large and well assorted Stock of FALL and WINTER CLOTHING.

—CONSISTING OF—

PANTS

New styles Plain and Fancy Cass. Pants;
New styles Plain and Fancy Sat. Pants;
Black Doeskin and Cass. Pants;
Assorted Kentucky Jean Pants;

VESTS.

Black Cass. and Satin Vests;
Tabby and Silk Velvet Vests;
Plain and Fancy Cass. Vests;
Plain and Fancy Silk Vests;

SUITS,

Plain and Fancy Cass. Business Suits;
Plain and Check Linen Business Suits;

COATS.

Fancy Cass. and Cloth Business Coats;
Surtouts, Sacks, Talmas, and other styles of Overcoats;
Blue Pilot and Beaver Monkey Jackets;
Black Cloth Frock Coats;

DRAWERS AND SHIRTS.

Gray and White Merino Shirts and Drawers;
Hickory, Check and Flannel Shirts;

OVERALLS AND SOCKS.

Denim Jumpers and Overalls;
Cotton, Merino and Wool Socks;

Hats, Blankets, &c., &c.

In addition to the above we have a fine assortment of Goods generally kept in our line. aug14-tf

SEWING MACHINE

FOR SALE CHEAP.



ONE LARGE SIZED

SHUTTLE MACHINE,

JUST RECEIVED PER SONORA; COMPLETE, AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED FOR

Tailoring and Shoe Making.

Can be seen by applying to

JAMES M. GREAVY,

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J. E. SMITH & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Hardware,

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Fire-proof Building, Clay street, second door west from Front street, San Francisco.

☞ Cash advanced on consignments s8

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Macondray & Co, 82 Sansome street.
Bond and Hale, 63 and 65 Sansome st.
Lent, Newell, & Co 115 Battery street.
Bray & Bros, Commission Merchants, 97 Front.
F A Foster, 30 Front street.
Stowell & Stoddard, Brokerage and Commission, 87 Front.
C A Gillingham, 79 Washington st.
G P Loucks, Com and Produce, No 6 Clay, near East.
J T McDougal, 167 Sansome st
William H Dow, Davis st between California and Pine
Sherman and Dutton, Hay Dealers, c Stewart and Mission

BLACKSMITHS.

Beeching and Post, 35 Pine st. btween Battey and First.
Nelson & Doble, Pine street bet Battery and Front.
Sims and Fraser, Blacksmithing, Oregon st. near Front.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS & UPHOLSTERY.

Jacob Schreider 179 Jackson st Bedding and Furniture.
Frank Baker, 102 and 112 Clay street.
Hurgren & Shindler, Furniture, Bedding, 189 Jackson.

IMPORTERS & JOBBERS OF CLOTHING.

W G Badger, 95 Battery street.
D L Ross and Co, Clothing, 113 Battery st.
Janson, Bond & Co, Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, c Battery and Clay sts.

IMPORTERS & JOBBERS OF BOOTS & SHOES.

J W Morrison, Importers and Jobbers, 91 Battery.
J B Roberts and Co, 102 Battery street.

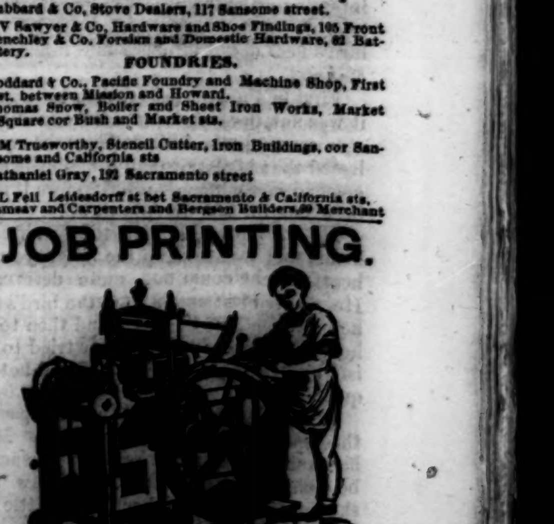
IMPORTERS OF HARDWARE.

Sigrist Br's, Tin sheetiron ware and stoves, 116 Kearney st
N. Lecomte, Stoves and Tin ware, worker in Tin and Sheet Iron, 59 Clay st.
W F Camp, Saw Maker and Repairer, large Circular Saws Gummed and Straightened, Montgomery near c Pacific.
Hawley & Co, Importers and Dealers Hardware, cor California and Battery sts.
J H alleck & Co, Foreign and Domestic Hardware, 99 Sansome st.
W Grattan, Hardware and House Furnishing Goods, S c ramento near Montgomery.
J D Hunt & Co, Hardware, corner Battery and Merchant
Fitzgerald & Co, Importers and Jobbers, 112 Battery st.
J W Britton, Hardware, Stoves and Sheet Iron, 60 Sacramento.
DeLong, McNeil & Co, Hardware and Mining Tools, 63 Battery street.
W M Rockwell, Hardware Dealer, 108 Battery street.
Reay & Johnson, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Workers, 41 Battery street.
Isaac N. Gregg, Coppersmith and Sheet-iron Worker, cor Market and First sts.
Hubbard & Co, Stove Dealers, 117 Sansome street.
O V Sawyer & Co, Hardware and Shoe Findings, 105 Front
Benchley & Co, Foreign and Domestic Hardware, 81 Battery.

FOUNDRIES.

Goddard & Co., Pacific Foundry and Machine Shop, First st. between Mission and Howard.
Thomas Snow, Boiler and Sheet Iron Works, Market Square cor Bush and Market sts.
F M Trueworthy, Stencil Cutter, Iron Buildings, cor Sansome and California sts
Nathaniel Gray, 192 Sacramento street
E L Fell Leidesdorff st bet Sacramento & California sts.
Ramsay and Carpenters and Berggen Builders, 80 Merchant

JOB PRINTING.



BOOK, CARD, AND

JOB PRINTING OFFICE

IS NOW PERMANENTLY LOCATED ON

Washington Street,

Between Sansome and Battery Streets.

This establishment is well provided with all the necessary materials, including three of the best machine Presses, for the rapid execution of every kind of letter-press printing, and at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. feb7-tf

THE PACIFIC.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 25, 1856.

JUVENILE.

Little Willie.—A Love Story.

BY LINA.

Mr. and Mrs. Hampton, lived in a beautiful house, with flowers surrounding it. They were very wealthy, and had but one child, a smart little boy, eight years old. His name was Willie, and he went to the village school, which was taught by a very good teacher.

Although very rich, Mr. Hampton visited the poor, and treated them as his equals.

Ella Grey, was the daughter of a merchant. She was a lovely and accomplished young lady of seventeen. She lived in a little white cottage, with green blinds. It was a lovely place nearly hidden from the road, by the shade trees that surrounded it.

Over a lattice at the front-door, was the clinging rose in full blossom; at the side door a wood-bine reached nearly to the top of the house, and in the distance, a fountain threw up the clear sparkling water. This place was called "Woodbine Cottage." Ella was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Grey, for they had buried a little boy named George.

She used frequently to visit Hampton's and Willie would go with her home.

He always returned with a boquet of flowers; for although he had plenty at home, he said Miss Ella's were prettier, in fact Willie loved Ella, and she grew very fond of Willie. He reminded her of her little dead brother, George. She told him when she got married, he might come and stay a month with her, if he wanted to.

Willie's face grew sad. His little heart was breaking, and he said, "I dont want you to get married, and go away to live. I can never come to see you," and here he burst into tears. Ella tried to sooth him, and in a little while he ceased crying and said:

"Please forgive me Miss Ella, I will try and not do so again."

Ella kissed him, and they took a walk in the garden, gathering flowers, and returned to the house good friends.

Willie Hampton, a very little boy, used to go to Ella Grey's, who was a blooming young woman of tender feelings. They loved each other. It is foolish to describe the feeling; those who have felt it, know all about it, and those who have not, had better begin soon, for it is the beginning of heaven.

Willie had been crying and Ella soothed the poor, thin, pale, little sick boy, and kissed him. So we left them, and will for a few moments longer, to hear about Mr. Belmont, a gentleman who lived in the city of New York, and being out of health, he visited the village, where Ella Grey lived. He had often seen Ella, and liked her very much. He had only to return to the city, to settle some business, and then she was to become his bride. He had erected a house in the village, and they were to live there, for Ella loved the country.

They had been living in their new home sometime, when one day Willie came in and said:

"Ella, I feel sick. I think I will die soon."

He spoke sad and despondingly, and his appearance sustained his words. Tears trickled from Mrs. Belmont's eyes as he continued:

"Will you forget me Ella? *Will* you? Won't you sometimes come and look at my grave, as you do at George's? Won't I be your brother too when I'm dead? Will I see George in heaven? Do you think I'll go to heaven?"

All this time Willie stood by Ella's side, as she sat by the window, and looked up into her face, and put his little thin hand in hers. Ella could not speak. She felt as tho' she were choking, but tears ran freely; but when the little boy's religious fears seemed aroused, and his spirit seemed to breathe purity and innocence itself, she could sustain herself no longer. Bursting into unrestrained violent weeping, she hugged her little pet to herself as tenderly as tho' she were his mother.

Willie strove to soothe her, saying:

"I did'nt *mean* to make you cry Ella; *indeed* I didn't."

But the more he said, the more she cried, and then he cried too, as tho' his little heart was breaking.

They wept together.

Three weeks afterwards and little Willie was dead and in his coffin.

How beautiful he looks! A smile is on his tiny lip. But for the white palor, we would say he sleeps and dreams of angels. His little waxen fingers clasp a green rose stem, and a white rose crowns it. Ella gave it him, in a pot, the day they were a crying. Ella is by his side and sees him and his rose.

* * * Look! she stoops to kiss him, but she can't! She tries again. Note her firm lip. Yes, she kisses him, but the cold clay chill shivers thro' her, and in her heart of hearts she believes that this is not Willie, but only his form.

"Willie! O, Willie! where art *thou*?"

A simple slab of white marble with the word "Willie," marks the place where his body lies, but often beside his little grave does Ella Belmont ask herself, "Willie, where art thou? where!"

Rollo at School.

Miss Mary, the teacher, had explained to the school that is is wicked to even *want* to do wrong.

All of the scholars listened very attentively to her remarks, but there were two who took more notice of them than the others. These two were Rollo and his cousin Lucy, who went to this school, and who sat before a window across the room.

Rollo began to think that perhaps the intention which he was secretly entertaining, of stopping after school to see the bird's nest might be cherishing *iniquity in his heart.*

First he thought it was, then he thought it was not, because he was only going to stop a very little while. Then he recollected that his father had told him he must come directly home, and therefore it must be wrong for him to stop at all.

He *tried* to determine to go directly home, and thus give up the iniquity in his heart, but he could not quite determine. He wanted just one peep at the bird's nest he had found on the road, and then to go home immediately after. He tried to satisfy himself with this, but he could not feel quite easy.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, and just as Miss Mary had finished her remarks, he happened to be looking towards Lucy. He saw that she opened the lid of her desk a little way and put her hand in.

Presently she withdrew her hand very cautiously. Rollo watched her. He observed that she had in it a little sprig from an apple tree, with a large, beautiful, spotted butterfly upon it. She threw it out the window.

All this happened just at the moment when the scholars were reclining their heads forward upon their desks, to listen to Miss Mary's morning prayer.

Rollo did not understand what this all meant. The truth is that Lucy had found this great butterfly when coming to school, and had carefully put it in her desk, intending to take it out and look at it when the school was begun.

She knew that this was wrong, but had not thought much about it, until she heard Miss Mary's remarks, when she saw plainly that this plan of playing with the butterfly in school was *iniquity in her heart*, and was consequently a sin against God. Unlike Rollo, she determined to give it up immediately. She wanted very much that God should listen to her prayer, and take care of her. So she thought she would take out the butterfly immediately and throw it out of the window, before the prayer should be begun.

The Beggars.—A Fairy Story.

BY FLORA DELL,

(of Mr. Denman's School.)

There was once a woman who was very poor. Her husband died. She was alone in this wide world, with two little girls to support.

She was so poor that she begged a living. She slept in a barn on hay; yet she was very kind to her children. Poverty did not deaden her heart.

One day when she was away, her little girls thought they would get something for their mother and themselves to eat. They started out on their journey, but had not gone far, when they met a lady, who asked them what they wanted. They replied:

"We are begging; we are very hungry. Mother has not received any thing for many days."

The lady was a fairy. She gave them a nice house and a large sum of money, and something to eat, telling them never to beg again.

The Fairy's name was INDUSTRY.

See acknowledgement No. 73.

The Rage for Fiction.

"I want a paper that has long stories in it," said a young lady; and she added, "I don't want a paper for anything else."

Poor girl! much to be pitied—and a pitiful appearance she will make through life at the present rate. She wants nothing serious, no acquaintance with the history of her times, no intellectual—nothing but newspaper novels! Empty heads they must be that can find room every week for some ten columns of a sham story. Yet these are the heads for which the weekly press toils and groans, throwing off by the ten thousands its sheets of shallow, insipid, and disgusting fiction; and for this an amount of money is paid which a sound literature utterly fails to command. Yes! Christian fathers and mothers buy this vile trash for their sons and daughters, and so minister to their ignorance and destitution of all taste and fitness for life's duties.—Doubtless the periodical press does more than any one instrumentality to decide the opinions, habits of thought, and general character of the age. A family will begin to show its sympathies with its weekly paper, and parent and child will soon begin assimilating to it in sentiment and feeling; and as families are, so is the community at large. Blind and stupid, therefore, yea worse, are those parents who tolerate in their houses a class of papers which are good for nothing—made up of the writings of silly, ignorant scribblers who would be "at the foot" in a town school, much more in a school of good morals. Such are the teachers of half the present generation.—*Albany Spectator*.

[Is is folly to condemn fiction, simply *because* it is such.

The great fault of novels, is, that they give *false views of life*. Stories which give true views, and which go to the heart and sensibilities, move man most powerfully and lastingly. Jesus Christ used to tell stories, and I do not hope to do better than he.] W. C.

The Decencies of Life.

There are some persons in the world, says the Cincinnati *Nonpariel*, who, in order to screen themselves from the charge of extravagance and folly, try to do it under the plea of decency. Those persons will commit many acts, which, if they had *true ideas* of decency, they would hesitate to perpetrate. We think the following are a few of the many practices that come under the cognomen of *not decent*:—

It is not decent for a person to make a show above his or her means.

It is not decent for a person to run in debt when he does not intend to pay.

It is not decent for persons to be always talking ill of their neighbors.

It is not decent to ascribe improper motives to every one we come in contact with.

It is not decent for one to appropriate others' pecuniary means for their own gratification.

It is not decent for young people to show no respect to the aged.

It is not decent to be praising yourself always.

It is not decent to keep yourself as a show for others to look at.

It is not decent in persons going to places of amusement to incommode others in various ways.

It is not decent to spend your money in foolishness, when you have debts that ought to be paid.

It is not decent to starve your family by spending your money for liquor.

It is not decent to say one thing and mean another.

It is not decent to cheat your neighbor, because you happen to have a little more knowledge than he is possessed of.

An Old Saying Revived.—"When I was asked if I had attended the said lectures on the Art of Memory (Feinagte's Lectures,) I replied, 'No; I wish to learn the art of forgetting.'"—*Roger's Table Talk.*

Turn to Langhorne's "Plutarch," (Life of Themistocles,) and, in a note, will be found this saying, preserved by Cicero: "When Simonides offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory, he answered, "Ah! rather teach me the art of forgetting; for I often remember what I would not, and cannot forget what I would.'"

How dreadful the thought to many, many minds that MEMORY is eternal! That the records and deeds and thoughts of his mortal life can *never* be struck out—NEVER! That, when the electric spirit has shot out of this clay, and dwells in chrystalline transparency of its new life, all, all that ever was thought in this life will stand, as on written sheets, before it! How often do we indeed wish we possessed the art of forgetting!

Beware of a woman who worships dress. In nine cases out of ten, such a woman is without one redeeming qualification. Dressy people are generally those who lack brains and education, and cheat themselves into the belief that the world, in admiring their gewgaws, forgets that their hearts are untenanted by a single womanly emotion. A man who is attracted by mere dress, is undeserving of the name, and is a dear bargain even to the fool who entraps him.

Women are like peaches—the farther you go south, the sooner they become ripe. A girl in Canada, seldom knows "what is what," till she is twenty. In Baltimore this knowledge is acquired by the time they are fifteen.

The word daisy is a thousand times pronounced without adverting to the beauty of its etymology: "the Eye of Day."

Some men are like cats. You may stroke their fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.

The Chinese, in San Francisco, worship *wooden gods*; the Americans, there, worship *golden ones*. That's all the difference!—*Up Country Exchange.*

What do they worship in the mines? Will they let us know?

It is said that there are more lies told in the brief sentence, "I am glad to see you," than in any other single sentence in the English language.

The greatest misfortune of all, is not to be able to bear misfortune.—*Bias*

An Incident of Mountain Life.

We extract the following from Bigelow's "Life of Col. Fremont," a copy of which has been sent us. It is an incident from the trip of Col. Fremont across the Sierra Nevada Mountains:

"A short distance below our encampment the river mountains terminated in precipices, and, after a fatiguing march of only a few miles we encamped on a bench where were springs and abundance of the freshest grass. In the meantime Mr. Preuss contined on down the river, and, unaware that we had encamped so early in the day, was lost. When night arrived, and he did not come in, we began to understand what had happened to him; but it was too late to make any search.

We followd Mr. Preuss's trail for a considerable distance along the river, until we reached a place where he had descended to the stream below and encamped. Here we shouted and fired guns, but received no answer; and we concluded that he had pushed on down the stream. I determined to keep out from the river, along which it was nearly impracticable to travel with animals, until it should form a valley.

We repeated our shouts for Mr. Preuss, and this time we were gratified with an answer. The voice grew rapidly nearer, ascending from the river; but when we expected to see him emerge, it ceased entirely. We had called up some straggling Indian—the first we had met, although for two days back we had seen tracks—who, mistaking us for his fellows, had been only undeceived on getting close up. Ignorant of the character of the people, we had now an additional cause of uneasiness in regard to Mr. Preuss; he had no arms with him, and we began to think his chance doubtful.

The mountains now were getting sensibly lower; but still there is no valley on the river, which presents steep and rocky bank; but here, several miles from the river, the country is smooth and grassy; the forest has no undergrowth; and in the open valleys or rivulets, or around spring heads, the low groves of live oak give the appearance of orchards in an old cultivated country. At one of these orchard grounds, we encamped about noon to make an effort for Mr. Preuss. One man took his way along a spur leading into the river, in hope to cross his trail; and another took our own back. Both were volunteers; and to the seccessful man was promised a pair of pistols—not as a reward, but as a token of gratitude for a service which would free us from much anxiety.

We had among our few animals a horse which was so much reduced, that with travelling, even the good grass could not save him; and, having nothing to eat, he was killed this afternoon. He was a good animal, and had made the journey round from Fort Hall.

* * * * *

The absence of Mr. Preuss gave me great concern; and, for a large reward, Derosier volunteered to go back on the trail. I directed him to search along the river, travelling upward for the space of a day and a half, at which time I expected he would meet Mr. Fitzpatrick, whom I requested to aid in the search; at all events he was to go no further, but return to this camp, where a *cache* of provisions was made for him.

Continuing the next day down the river, we discovered three squaws in a little bottom, and surrounded them before they could make their escape. They had large conical baskets which they were engaged in filling with a small leafy plant, (*erodium cicutarium*) just now beginning to bloom, and covering the ground like a sward of grass. They did not make any lamentations, but appeared very much impressed with our appearance, speaking to us only in a whisper, and offering us smaller baskets of the plant, which they signified to us was good to eat, making signs also that it was to be cooked by the fire. We drew out a little cold horse meat, and the squaws made signs to us that the men had gone out after deer, and that we could have some by waiting till they came in. We observed that the horses ate with great avidity the herb which they had been gathering; and here also for the first time, we saw Indians eat the common grass—one of the squaws pulling several tufts, and eating it with apparent relish. Seeing our surprise, she pointed to the horses; but we could not well understand what she meant, except, perhaps, that what was good for the one was good for the other. * * * *

Towards evening we heard a weak shout among the hills behind, and had the pleasure to see Mr. Preuss descending towards the camp. Like ourselves, he had travelled to-day twenty-five miles, but had seen nothing of Derosier. Knowing, on the day he was lost, that I was determined to keep the river as much as possible, he had not thought it necessary to follow the trail very closely, but walked on, right and left, certain to find it somewhere along the river, searching places to obtain good views of the country. Towards sunset he climbed down towards the river to look for the camp; but, finding no trail, concluded that we were behind, and walked back until night came on, when, being very much fatigued, he collected drift wood and made a large fire among the rocks. The next day it became more serious, and he encamped again alone, thinking that we must have taken some other course. To go back would have been madness in his weak and starved condition, and onward towards the valley was his only hope, always in expectation of reaching it soon. His principal means of subsistence was a few roots, which the hunters call sweet onions, having very little taste, but a good deal of nutriment, growing generally in rocky ground, and requiring a good deal of labor to get, as he had only a pocket knife. Searching for these, he found a nest of big ants, which he let run on his hand, and stripped them off in his mouth; these had an agreeable acid taste. One of his greatest privations was the want of tobacco; and a pleasant smoke at evening would have been a relief which only a voyageur could appreciate. He tried the dried leaves of the live oak, knowing that those of other oaks were sometimes used as a substitute; but these were too thick, and would not do. On the 4th he made seven or eight miles, walking slowly along the river, avoiding as much as possible to climb the hills. In little pools he caught some of the smallest kind of frogs, which he swallowed, not so much in the gratification of hunger, as in the hope of obtaining some strength. Scattered along the river were old fire-places, where the Indians had roasted muscles and acorns; but though he searched diligently, he did not there succeed in finding either. He had collected fire-wood for the night, when he heard at some distance from the river the barking of what he thought were two dogs, and walked in that direction as quickly as he was able, hoping to find there some Indian hut, but met two wolves; and, in his disappointment, the gloom of the forest was doubled.

Travelling the next day feebly down the river, he found five or six Indians at the huts, of which we have spoken; some were painting themselves black, and others roasting acorns. Being only one man, they did not run off, but received him kindly, and gave him a welcome supply of roasted acorns. He gave them his pocket-knife in return, and stretched out his hand to one of the Indians, who did not appear to comprehend the motion, but jumped back, as if he thought he was about to lay hold of him. They seemed afraid of him, not certain as to what he was.

Travelling on he came to the place where we had found the squaws. Here he found one fire still burning, and the tracks of the horses. The sight gave him sudden hope and courage; and, following as fast as he could, joined us at evening.

Moral Courage.—"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone very great lengths in the career of fame.

The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterwards; but at present, a man waits and doubts and hesitates, and consults his brother; and his uncle, and his first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice. There is such little time for over squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, that the very period of his life at which a man may choose to venture, if ever so confined that it is a bad rule to preach up the necessity in such instances of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober cultivation."

A German chemist has discovered that there is sugar in tears. We have sometimes heard that it is sweet to shed them.

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MARTHA N. THURSTON, M. D.

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Corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco, California.

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—MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF—

Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips,

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Between Commercial and Sacramento streets,
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N. B.—Repairing promptly attended to. Good assortment Concord Stage Harness ...Stage Stocks and Lashes, of the best quality, constantly on hand. ap3-f

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Horse Shoes for sale. All kinds of JOB WORK done on reasonable terms. aug14-3m

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BUSH ST., BETWEEN TAYLOR AND MASON STS.

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The premises comprise a commodious School Room, with an extensive enclosed play ground: a gymnasium and other amusements for the health and recreation of the pupils, will shortly be added.

The house is advantageously situated on Bush street, which is entirely planked, and easy of access from the city. The dormitories are light and capacious; and the other arrangements are such as to recommend it for the purpose of studious retirement, and as a healthy residence. The table will be abundantly supplied with plain and wholesome food

The teachers would here mention that having had the advantages of education from two of the best Universities in Europe, they can conscientiously guarantee sound and useful instruction in all the branches of a liberal education, and it is therefore hoped that parents will be assured they are not trusting their children to inexperienced hands. The teachers will devote their whole time to the pupils; and it will be their constant aim to promote the utmost diligence in their studies, with correct morals, industrious habits, and gentlemanly demeanor.

N. B. The College possesses the best Philosophical Apparatus in the State.

The Pupils will re-commence their Studies on Monday, the 16th of June.

TERMS, FOR BOARD AND EDUCATION:

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THREE MONTHS IN ADVANCE

Day Scholars from $15 to 7,50 per month, according to age, and the subjects studied. One month in advance.

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ASSISTANT TEACHERS.

ALFRED SAMUEL LOWNDES, late of New College, Oxford, England.

ARTHUR CHITTENDEN, Somerset House Government School of Design, London.

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Lecturers on Natural Philosophy and Astronomy.

REV. J. AVERY SHEPHERD, M.A., Principal of the San Francisco Female Institute, Lecturer on Chemistry.

JOHN CHITTENDEN, Principal of the San Francisco College.

** Further particulars are contained in the book of printed Rules, &c, which will be sent, on application to any part of the country; and which may also be had at the College, or at any of the San Francisco Booksellers. N.B. Address through Wells, Fargo & Co. jel2-tf

Oakland College School.

Rev. HENRY DURANT, A. M., Principal.

THE Academic year of this institution is divided into two terms of five months each. The Summer term commences on the 28th of May, and will close on the 31st of October. The Fall vacation will continue four weeks.

At the close of each term there will be a thorough examination of the pupils in all their studies, by a committee appointed for the purpose by the Trustees.

After each examination there will be a public rehearsal at which the mode of teaching and the general proficiency of the pupils will be exhibited.

The studies are cautiously adapted to the capacities and genius of the pupils, but neither ease or pleasure merely are consulted at the expense of discipline and substantial improvement.

The government of the school is gentle but decided. The temper, heart, moral and religious life of the pupils will be formed as far as possible according to the precepts and spirit of the Bible.

The branches of study to be pursued will comprise, besides those usually taught in English High Schools, the Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian and Spanish Languages, Geometry, Surveying, Navigation, Engineering and Pure Mathematics.

The price of tuition for four weeks, including the languages is $6,00

Music	10,00
Drawing, always payable in advance,	3,00
Board and washing (six pieces per week) and lights, evening instruction and family care, per week	7,50
Without washing or lights	6,50

Payments for *every four weeks in advance.*

For further particulars apply to the Principal of the School, principal Teacher of the same department, or for the general facts, to any of the gentlemen whose names are here annexed:

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PALMER COOK & CO., San Francisco.
FRED BILLINGS, of Halleck, Peachy & Billings.
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EDW'D McLEAN, Esq.; " "
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And an Elegant, Salubrious and Wonderful RESTORATIVE, IN ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

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The proprietor of these elegant Bitters indulges in feelings of the highest satisfaction in view of the vast benefits which it has conferred upon mankind.

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Is acknowledged to be the best Sarsaparilla made; as is Certified by the Wonderful Cures it has performed. Remember, this is the only true and Original Article This Medicine, when used according to directions,

WILL CURE, WITHOUT FAIL,

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THE undersigned, who have been foreman, managers, and active partners in the above establishment for the past three years, having purchased MR. SNOW'S interest in the same, will continue the business as heretofore at the old stand, where we are prepared to manufacture STEAM BOILERS of every description, Steam and Water Pipes, and do Sheet Iron Work of all kinds, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms Particular attention paid to all orders from the Mines for Steam Boilers or Water Pipe, Engines or Pumps for mining purposes, etc.

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july12-tf Successors to Thos. Snow & Co

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SYTHES and Sneaths, Grain Cradles, Horse Rakes.
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INCLUDING BROOMS, TUBS, PAILS, WOOD AND Zinc Washboards, Chopping Trays, Rolling Pins, Bar Covres Clothes Pins, hair and wire Seives Clothes and Market Baskets, Peach and Coal Baskets two and three bushel Corn Baskets, Bottle Baskets, Shoe, Scrub and Dust Brushes, with every other article belonging to the Wood and Willowware business, at the lowest whosale price.

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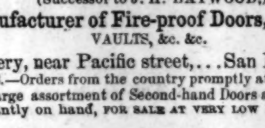
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Repairing and Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

Ladies, Accept our Thanks.

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Several times we have tendered you an invitation to favor us with a call for the purpose of examining our splendid assortment of

Infants' and Youths' Hats and Caps:

and feeling grateful for the liberal response to our call, we beg leave to inform you that we received per "Gretry" another assortment of

INFANTS' AND YOUTHS' HATS AND CAPS,

Which in regard to beauty, taste, excellence of finish and quality, are unprecedently rich. There is no other house in California that has anything like them, They were made in Paris to our order. We received only eight dozen. Call soon, and see those beauties at

MEUSSDORFFER'S

HAT MANUFACTORY,

165 Com. st. bet. Kearny and Montgomery.

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WE will dispatch a DAILY EXPRESS from our Offices in

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In Hiller & Andrew's new building, corner of J and Third streets, adjoining Drexel, Sather & Church's Banking House.

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TREASURE, PACKAGES, and LETTERS transmitted to and from the above points with unrivalled dispatch and security.

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In consequence of the late financial disasters, and in order to protect buyers of Exchange on the East, an agreement has been entered into with RIGGS and CO., according to which, the remittances made on account of exchange drawn become a special fund for the payment thereof, as shown by the following extract of Messrs. Riggs and Co's letter, dated New York, September 5, 1855.

'We note your remarks in relation to the manner of keeping your account, and that you wish us to regard the shipments of dust, and remittances, made by you, as designed exclusively to meet your drafts on us, as from time to time advised, and that they should not be applied to any other purpose whatever. This we fully understand, and if at all important to you to assure your customers, you may say that we regard each shipment of Gold Dust made by you as designed specifically to cover the drafts drawn against it by you.'

And in order the more fully to protect buyers, arrangements have been made, that, in case of loss of treasure by any steamer, there will be no delay in the payment of drafts—no waiting for the adjustment of the loss by the insurance offices, but the drafts will be paid promptly at sight as usual, as if no disaster had occurred.

LANGTON & CO., Proprietors.

LEGAL.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SAN FRANcisco.—In the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District:—Caleb S. Hobbs, George W. Gilmore, and Stephen D. Gilmore, Plaintiffs, vs. Warren Holt, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District, and the Complaint filed in the city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of the said District Court.

The people of the State of California, send Greeting: to Warren Holt.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiffs, in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, then within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you.

The said action is brought to recover the sums of $1200 00 and $204 34, amounting together to $1404 34—with interest on the first mentioned amount at the rate of three per cent. per month, and on the second sum at legal rate from the 22d September, 1854, due the said Plaintiffs upon a contract in writing, entered into between you and the said plaintiffs Aug. 29, 1854, and upon an acknowledgement in writing bearing date the 22d Sept., 1854—and for extra work and materials done and furnished for you by said Plaintiffs in and about the erection of a certain building mentioned in the Complaint; and if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sums of $1200 00 and $204 34, with interest thereon as aforesaid together with costs.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District, this tenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six.

[L. S.] THOMAS HAYES, Clerk.
By OTMAR CALER, Deputy Clerk.
M. C. BLAKE, Atty. for Plaintiffs. aug21-3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SAN FRANcisco.—In the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District:—Robert H. Vance, Plaintiff, vs. Joseph Webster, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial Dristrict, and the Complaint filed in the City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting: to Joseph Webster.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District in and for the County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, then within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of $2000 00 due on your certain Promissory note set forth in the Complaint and bearing date on the 25th April, 1851, with interest at the rate of eight per cent. per month; and if you fail to appear and answer the Complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment against you for said sum of $2000 00 with interest and costs.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District, this nineteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six.

(L. S.) THOMAS HAYES, Clerk.
By OTMAR CALER, Deputy Clerk.
M. C. BLAKE, Atty. for Plaintiff. aug21-3m

OIL—CAMPHENE.

NEW BEDFORD OIL AND CAMPHENE WORKS,

No. 87 WASHINGTON STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

WE HAVE CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale

Bleached Sperm, Polar, Lard and China

OIL,

IN CASKS, BARRELS, AND CASES;

TANNERS' OIL IN BBLS.

NEATSFOOT OIL IN BBLS. & CASES.

Camphene and Burning Fluid, in cases.
Alcohol, 80 to 95 per ct., in bbls and cases.
Camphene and Oil Wicking, of all kinds.
Candle Wicking, and Platted Wick for Soda Ash and Pot Ash, [Star Candles Bar Soap and Oil Soap.

Our Oils, Camphene and Fluid are of our own manufacture, and all sales are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

R. F. KNOX & CO.
au20 tf

PHYSICIANS.

ELECTRO CHEMICAL BATHS.

THE RECENT DISCOVERY OF A really wonderful and most beneficent method of applying ELECTRICITY for the removal from the human system of Mercury in all its forms, tin, zinc, lead, antimony, arsenic, quinine, and all other metals, minerals, and insiduous drugs, and the consequent speedy cure of Paralysis, Cholic and Lame Wrist, Indolent Ulcers, Jaundice, Fever and Ague, Diseased Liver, Kidneys, Tic Doloreux and all Nervous affections, etc.—is termed as above. The cure is almost immediate. These Baths produce the most gratifying and delightful sensations, without shock or disagreeable disturbance of the system. Those who have been without hope for months or years—those who are "neither dead nor alive"—those who feel cold and torpid—those who know they are "full of mercury" iron, etc., and wish to have it "taken out" of them—all—all, will take these Electro-Chemical Baths. The Ladies will find them of inestimable value, as removing diseased conditions, they render the skin clear, soft and smoother. A competent lady will attend to them.

DISEASES OF THE EYE.

Are also treated with the most extraordinary success. Let all who suffer first call and inquire into my mode of treatment.

DR. BOURNE, Water Cure Physician, corner Sansome and Commercial streets, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel, has just imported and arranged the FIRST and ONLY apparatus for administering these delightful Baths, and is now prepared to employ them in all cases of Paralysis, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Fever and Ague, (only one bath is said to be requisite,) Jaundice, Neuralgia, etc., etc.

PIONEER

WATER CURE INSTITUTE,

Southwest Corner Sansome and Commercial streets, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, San Francisco.

DR. BOURNE, Water Cure Physician, having every facility for the scientific administration of Water Treatment, offers the advantages of this natural, rational, and most efficacious mode of curing diseases to invalids, in either acute or chronic stages of suffering and especially to those laboring under the

RUINOUS EFFECTS OF CALOMEL

and Drug treatment generally.

There are no nauseous or poisonous medicines to swallow or pay for, as DR. BOURNE does not administer any whatever, nor blood, cup or leach; so it is not only the Best but Cheapest system for restoration of health.

In Chronic or Acute Rheumatism, Diarrhoea Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Isthmus Fever, ALL Nervous and Sexual disorders—in fact in all cases, the WATER CURE is of UNEQUALED VALUE.

Apply personally, or address by letter, as above. aug7-3m

TO DYSPEPTICS.—Among Professional and Business Men—desirous of CURE without the loss of business time, and with but little inconvenience and trouble. A Permanent Cure, not patchwork, is promised them. It is a well established fact that all medical remedies not only failto cure, but AGGRAVATE dyspeptic difficulties. I have located my Water Cure (and have also greatly modified and improved that system, the result of some 13 or 14 years' practice,) in the new fire-proof brick building, S. E. corner of Sansome and Commercial streets, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, the very center of San Francisco, within five or ten minutes' walk of almost all its business men, where I administer treatment at all times (to suit) furnishing actual rest and tranquil repose to overtaxed systems, and not only SUSTAINING THEM FOR BUSINESS DUTIES, but supplying recuperating force for a renewal of life's powers and eventual and generally speedy restoration to health. If desired, references to gentlemen who have proved the efficacy of MY mode of treatment, which is both more speedy and successful, as well as entirely different from that adopted by all other practitioners of whatever school.

Apply by letter or personally, to Dr. BOURNE, Water Cure Physician.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—THE "RUSSIAN," DIGger Indian! Turkish, or Egyptian "STEAM BATHS" —the invention of barbaric minds—with all their

EVIL CONSEQUENCES.

To weak Lungs, Palpitating Hearts, and debilitated Digestive and Nutritive Organs are NOT Water Cure, and bear no more relation to that glorious system, than does a horse to a red herring, notwithstanding all the false representations to that effect. The ONLY Water Cure in San Francisco, is Dr. Bourne's.

The above notice is imperatively demanded at my hands, as many persons thoughtlessly suppose the "Russian Steam Baths" to be the Water Cure, and as a name which is sufficiently similar to my own to cause confusion is connected with one of these pretending establishments, it is the more necessary. I add, that I never have been, nor will I ever be connected with any such concern, and I have insuperable objections to being esteemed so great a fool or so ignorant of natural philosophy, as to sanction them in the remotest degree.

The following extract is from an advertisement largely circulated by a "Russian Steam Bath:"

"Using Fresh Water for douche often increases the cold, and adds new pains to those felt before applying Steam."

Now, I say that Fresh and Pure Water is every way far preferable to salt or any other mineral and impure water, and as people use steam who are entirely ignorant of the proper mode of applying it, it is not surprising they should inflict 'colds,' 'coughs,' 'pains,' pangs, and months and years of suffering upon the victims of their ignorance. Those to whom I administer vapor baths never take 'colds' and 'pains,' but take these baths to *cure* them.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
corner Sansome and Commercial streets,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel, San Francisco, in the very center of the city, not the outskirts, or verging toward Russian America. aug14-tf

PIONEER

FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

Established 1850,

Nos. 115 & 117 California street, San Francisco.

Also, corner of K Street, Sacramento City.

GEO. O. WHITNEY & CO.

HAVE ON HAND,

And are constantly receiving by every arrival from

New York and Boston,

LARGE ADDITIONS TO THEIR ALREADY EXTENSIVE STOCK OF

FURNITURE,

Which they offer at Wholesale and Retail at the lowest market prices. Our motto is

QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Orders solicited from the country, to which particular attention is paid to suit in quality and price. Goods packed and delivered in the city free of charge. s18 3min

SAN JOSE NURSERY.

L. PREVOST,

Has on hand for the Market this Season, at very

Reduced Prices,

100,000

BUDDED AND GRAFTED

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, VINES, ETC.,

EMBRACING

Apple,	55 best varieties, from	1 to	3 years old,			
Pear,	59 do	do	do	1 to 3	do	do
Peach,	45 do	do	do	1 to 2	do	do
Apricot	8 do	do	do	1 to 2	do	do
Plum,	14 do	do	do	1 to 2	do	do
Cherry,	10 do	do	do	1 to 2	do	do
Grapevines	20 do	do	do	1 to 2	do	do
Strawberry,	8 do	do	do	1 to 2	do	do
Rose bushes	35 do	do	do	1 to 3	do	do

Also, Almond, Nectarine, Fig, Currant, Gooseberry and Raspberry Bushes; Greenhouse Plants and Ornamental Shrubbery.

TERMS CASH—Orders promptly attended. Direct to L. PREVOST, San Jose City. jan10-3tf

Catalogues can be obtained at the Nursery, gratis.